

APRIL 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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THE VIEW FROM HERE

Curse The Winter, Love The Land: Enjoying The Canadian Dream

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

John Hirsch's first piece, which begins on page 39, should have opened discussing to those who are called New Canadians — to distinguish them from English Canadians and French Canadians, the founding races still warming within the bosom of this beautiful, brightened side Hirsch landed in Halifax from Hungary in 1947 when he was 13. I landed in Halifax from Czechoslovakia in 1949 when I was 15.

To those of us who came here from Europe seeking sanctuary, a place to live out a dream, Canada has always seemed like the most special place on earth. And if it seems so special in defending their Canada, in worrying about the future of our adopted land, it's because of the latest lessons we learned in Europe, where the vigorous independence of our home countries could not be separated from individual freedom.

Canada's founding races, hardened by historical memories of their own, see their country through the distorting glass of hatred and accommodation. New Canadians see it as a kind of glowing light — it's a still new and unproven society with the potential of valuable ideals. Canada, perhaps alone among the world's industrial nations, is still in the process of becoming — something that was true of the U.S. in the 1840s. Our power structures aren't rigid, but are open to anyone regardless of background. "People here still listen," writes Hirsch. "Blacks can be kept through."

Another essential reality: those of us new to this country have happily noted in that it allows common unfettered rights to question and criticize. Because there is no one officially recognized Canadian Dream, we can brief about it and enjoy it at the same time. It's this kind of qualitative difference that sets us off as an important way from the U.S. where the American Dream continues to smother its true believers and breed its malcontents. The traditional difference between the American melting pot and the Canadian mosaic probably remains the

single most important strand in the fabric of our national identity. Inside the melting pot everyone is rootless, floating like jellyfish in a huge ocean, with no home ground to cling to. But here all of us — the English, the French, the Europeans, the Asians, the West Indians — we all came out of our own roots, now growing in fertile new ground.

What makes Canada such a special place is the conscious connect between the people of various backgrounds living here, that history will never be repeated, that history will never be repeated.

That's the reason of always such other we will talk out our differences. That's why it was so disturbing when, earlier this year, Pierre Trudeau used the occasion of his first state-of-the-union speech in the new Commons to attack some Conservatives and NDPers for being anti-French. Few of the six million voters who cast their ballots against the Trudeau government on October 30, 1993, were bigots. Claude Ryan, the distinguished editor of *Le Devoir*, wrote of the anti-Trudeau vote: "They voted not against the man, not against Quebec, not against the French power which Mr. Trudeau embodied with some of his colleagues, but rather against his general policies as applied to the whole of Canada."

Thus past the election results in a more realistic perspective. No politician should try to manipulate the masses, disturbing the fine balance between Canadians. It's vital that we strive for the kind of the mystique of Canada, the way everyone is allowed to be — allowed to move the winter, love the land, endlessly debate the meaning of our national existence. It's good to be tribal and ethnicistic, instead of having to be pulled down into an amorphous mass like the Americans, giving allegiance to an abstraction without a sense of belonging.

Hirsch captures the essence of this feeling at the end of his story, in conversation with a Winnipeg friend of his:

"You know there is something special about this place."

"I know," I said, "it's love." ■

MACLEAN'S

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BY CLAUDE LEMELIN



John Turner

Ministering To The People

John Turner may yet prove that the finance department need not be the graveyard of federal politicians. Indeed, the budget tabled by the finance minister on February 19 shows what can happen when the crucial finance portfolio is entrusted to a crack politician instead of a lame-duck, "compulsory" minister like most of John Turner's predecessors. That government is likely to extract better policies from Simon Fraser's reach almost effulgent.

For the new budget is not merely politically astute, steering the flag from under Robert Stanfield's Conservatives and untangling the red carpet for the parliamentary trend of the NDP; it is also reasonably ingenious and socially progressive. In May, 1972, John Turner had managed to charm the business community with a fundamentally sound, if perhaps overgenerous and politically inappropriate "corporate budget." In February, 1973, the finance minister played his charm to the electorate and masterfully contrived a "people's budget" to restore the Liberal's badly eroded political base.

Quite literally, Mr. Turner's budgetary proposals manage to be all things to all men: women and even children. The income tax cut will benefit all taxpayers, with proper emphasis on the crucial mass of voters who earn less than \$10,000 a year. The increase in old-age pensions to \$300 a month will extend to all senior citizens. Other cuts in custom, excise and sales taxes will be felt — marginally at least — by virtually everyone who buys anything.

Gimmicks? Not at all: neither enlightened fiscal moves, by a ministry keenly government made sensitive, to public needs by election symbols and held for useful political reasons in the Campaigns by the New Democrats.

For there are many more paradoxes to democratic government. For Anthony Weisvoll has discarded in the personality of Prime Minister Trudeau John Turner, for instance, regarded to be a right-wing Liberal, was inspired by the last election to introduce the most progressive income tax reduction in decades.

The slowing of commodity taxes, to the extent they are levied to offset price reductions by industry, will also most substantially erode the purchasing power of low-income families than of well-to-do taxpayers who save a high proportion of their earnings. It should also be noted that a much higher proportion of the \$23-odd billion federal budget for 1973-74 will be spent on income security and other welfare programs, so that, overall, the second Turner effort at budget-making will unquestionably make for durability of the tax burden more equitable.

But this would hardly be more than a drop in the fiscal bucketful of the tax benefits the finance minister intends to pour over Canada's inefficient and sluggish manufacturing industries, by subsidizing again, to politicians the corporate tax proposals he tabled last May and which were opened into legislative limbo by disunion. No doubt something has to be done about the country's secondary sector, as Mr. Turner claimed forcefully on February 19, but no doubt that "something" could be more equitable and effective than a 9% across-the-board cut in corporate taxes and indiscriminate capital cost allowances (those "last write-offs"), as both the New Democrats and the Progressive Conservatives have agreed.

But even there, the rage of October 30 has worked wonders on the government's view. Mr. Turner admitted on February 19 that there was merit in the criticism, formulated by Eric Kierans and David Lewis of the so-called "corporate rip off."

As a result, the minister has set a cut-off date (the end of 1974) for the write-off allowances.

For the first time since 1962, the finance minister has refrained from linking unemployment and inflation in the annual trade-off that has inhibited open Canadians, in the last five years, billions of dollars worth of lost production and unmeasurable hardship in the guise of forced inflation and poverty.

Put simply, the government now agrees, on and off the record, that unemployment is caused by inadequate in-

flation of production and too fast as well as unproductive growth of the labor force — while inflation is prevented to stem from shortages of goods and services, like food and housing, which are compounded by business monopolies, from tensions between various groups trying to maximize the purchasing power of their earnings in the face of mounting inflation and — very, very off-the-record — from too rapid an expansion of the money supply by the Bank of Canada, acting on instructions from the finance minister.

The remedies for inflation flow from the diagnosis: first, more output, to increase the supply of commodities and relieve pressures on prices; and second, a stabilization of monetary expansion, so that less floating credit is available to finance inflationary cost increases; third, selective fiscal moves by the government.

— to exert a once-and-for-all downward push on a wide range of commodity prices, through custom, sales and excise tax cuts,

— to curtail the federal treasury's own contribution to inflation by indexing the system from 1974 onward,

— to reduce social tensions between income groups — essentially seniors and business — through a 5% income tax cut,

Will the new strategy work? No one knows for sure but it makes a hell of a lot more sense than the "inflationism" of recent years.

There remains a big element of uncertainty about the new budget. Will it be as expansionary as Turner claimed, and manage to cut unemployment down to something like 5.2%, as hoped — rather than forecast — by finance officials?

It is not easy to judge the government's optimism on these crucial questions, largely because the budget itself is a rather primitive and unsophisticated economic document. First again, the finance department has chosen not to disclose the assumptions necessarily selected as a framework for budget-making.

But looking over the overall projected deficit for the federal public sector as an approximate measure of the budget's economic impact, it appears that Ottawa will be less expansionary in 1973-74 than it was in the last fiscal year, and that was doubly inadequate. The deficit is frozen at two billion dollars, while the economy expands so that the government's threat is proportionately less.

Yet, this aggregate figure is not the whole picture.

Selective expansionary effects may result from tax cuts, through more consumption by low income, big spender families. Still, half a billion dollars could usefully be added on the expenditure side of the budget. ■



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BY DAVID SPURGEON



Donald Solomon

A Climate Of Endless Enquiry

The term most frequently used to describe Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's state of mind is "technocracy." Trudeau himself often seems to be interested in science, his speech on the hazards of genetic engineering was widely reported, his personal reading includes journals like *Science American* and *Journal of The American Astronaut*.

Yet the Trudeau government's track record in science and technology has been inconsistent. There have been many good things. The management of environmental problems has, on the whole, been capable. The Hudson 70 cruise, which made a Canadian oceanographic vessel the first ship to circumnavigate the two Americas, was a bold and imaginative journey. The many science policy studies undertaken in Canada have been not only pioneering but thoroughgoing. And the new science ministry is a potentially valuable step.

But there has also been what Dr. Donald Solomon, until last year the chairman of the federal government's advisory body, the Science Council of Canada, called in his final report a "disconcerting lack of vision in recent years in a variety of issues in which policy options had been exhaustively considered and detailed proposals advanced."

"Many bold initiatives have failed to attract support," Dr. Solomon said. "The Institute for Space and Terrestrial Science was not built; the proposed participation in the construction of a telescope in Chile never materialized; the Canadian communications satellite is being built by Hughes Aircraft in the U.S.; the Canadian aircraft industry is moribund; the radioactive pharmaceutical industry has all but disappeared as an independent entity; and many other secondary manufacturing industries have had to survive in an era of declining profitability as the 80s ended and the 90s began."

Canada not only ranks far behind even small countries such as Sweden and The Netherlands in the proportion of research and development carried out by industry, but the situation has been deteriorating. Canada rated ninth among 30 industrially advanced nations in an Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development study.

Why this scholastic approach to science and technology in the Trudeau government? Why haven't the technocrats made major advances in the advancement of science and technology? The answer that the Trudeau government doesn't really understand science and technology isn't good enough. A more realistic reason is that the technocrats got their noses stuck in it, and that their technocratic language were overwhelmed by their political conscience.

"The Prime Minister and his advisors use science and technology as instruments of political maneuvering, both domestically and in international affairs," says Dr. Robert J. Ulfink, former chief science adviser to the cabinet and now dean of applied science at Queen's University. "In many instances internationally, science and technology have replaced military armaments and are being used in more subtle or devious ways."

Meanwhile, the government's professionalism — official advisors and public services — were caught in the middle. They were supposed to stay out of sight and not worry the responsibilities of their ministers, and having mostly been brought up in an older tradition and having been superbly trained in their own fields, they were content to do so. But they found that they were working for a government that did not have the same traditions.

Thus the professionals in science and technology were ignored while the politicians of science and the dilettantes were listened to. "We were shared into the boards," one of those professionals told me. "We were used as window dressing so that it could be said the government had all the right machinery. But the real decisions were made elsewhere."

Throughout the Trudeau government's regime there has been a climate of inquiry, a probing of problems. Reports have flowed from the Science Council in gay profusion. The Senate special committee on science policy (the

Longmore committee) set some kind of a record in collecting testimony during its hearings (the evidence totaled more than 35,000 pages). There was the Macdonald report, an OECD report, and an internal investigation of science organization that nobody outside the cabinet was supposed to know of.

All of this talk and debate has been healthy — to a point. But many scientists now feel that the time for action has arrived. In two papers published simultaneously in a recent issue of *Science Forum*, two spokesmen for the Canadian scientific community make the same point.

"Steady and debate without action are a waste of effort and resources," they note now is for workable, constructive, recommendations and suggestions for action," writes Dr. Marcel P. Bouchard, director of research for ICA, Laval, Montreal, and vice-president of SCS-TEC, the Association of the Scientific, Engineering and Technical Community.

"It is now some four or five years since we began dealing in a direct and searching self-analysis," says Dr. W. G. Schneider, president of the National Research Council, "while other countries manage this exercise in less than a year, we have overextended it almost to the point of paralysis... the age to replace rhetoric by positive action and initiative is well overdue."

Because it has gone on for so long, producing during its course many proposals for breaking up, dismantling, or otherwise modifying existing scientific institutions like the National Research Council, it has produced in some of them a degree of demoralization — a kind of weary apathy.

The Science Council itself has been left in an anomalous position by a cross in its charterist feelings — the new science ministry. Many of the former advisory functions of the council seem threatened by the ministry, which seems only to question what sometimes was accepted before the ministry appeared that the Trudeau government's inner circle did not take the council's recommendations all that seriously.

And on the promise of the technocrats has withered, and the expected bold measures have never materialized. Now the question is, what about the future? Will the Trudeau government continue to use science and technology as political tools, or will it employ them to address some of the country's outstanding problems — such as encouragement of an efficient science-based industry?

A good deal will depend on whether the government heeds the advice it has been gathering from its own scientific advisors, or whether the employment of these advisors was itself a political sop.

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THE VIEW FROM THE UK

BY JOSEPH GOUGH



Harold Wilson

The Great British Identity Crisis

into the maelstrom of history. To those who care, I say. Rally round and rescue British, if not for ourselves, for the future of your children! The national papers flicker out these choice calls but press correspondents on such signals in headlines as giant EEC letters, proposed constitutional learning laws for pupils, the dreaded change not yet suggested but already vigorously fought, to devolve on the night and the possibility of constitutional rats crossing through the projected Channel tunnel.

National identity has two pillars. One is the sense of history, of things shared, such as language, customs, institutions, building styles, all the components of what sometimes called "homeland culture." The second pillar is A. J. P. Taylor was rightly anxious when he called de Gaulle's blow to Britain, but the British have enough national peculiarities to spirit out. The real danger has been close to the other pillar of identity: the sense of high achievement, of national status. Decline from imperial power in Commonwealth membership in EEC "new boy" could hardly help serving some sense of loss among the British people.

The press and radio and television, which probably give the people what they want more consciously than politicians do, have decided that what they want is better. Hence a day press without some ABC program, relayed past explain, is back there historical studies and population statistics by the dozen every week. The weekend supplements are rarely without some

Joseph Gough covered in *Complete Weekend, N.Y.* after years outside in America.

historical celebration of Briticism. There are the straight historical magazines, and the part-wives. Newsweek books under the weight of Empire.

To large extent, you sense a sense in examples of a personal British type, the reserved, seemingly inebriated who has no tea table as easily as his present-day counterpart can dig into your place in the bar. The British are actually being about underestimation.

Obviously their problem is not lack of identity. It's that they know their identity too well—or think they do. Just how personal is that understanding of type? "Stupidity," "Stupidity," "Stupidity," or "Dilemma," or "Dilemma," or "Dilemma." One suspects that the rather bloodless British self-image (I say British because that's what the English call themselves, maybe the Scots and Welsh are different) was partly ancient in origin, imposed on the British after the Empire was built after the greatest death were done, perhaps by the public schools which followed the pattern of Dr. Arnold's Rugby, designed to train out a specific type of Englishman.

The trouble is that emphasis on the British East and the British past obscures new achievements. There is too much to compete with The Beatles and Monty Python operate to escape more. But in fields like straightforward literature, there is a Graham Greeneish pallor over everything. No one dares try to match past greatness, literary folk go in the wind gates, for more and more writers seem to share some form as exhausted puzzle class.

The more educated are especially tied up in the British self-image time-jerk. The lower classes—once you get out from there, you start classifying people—are equally prone to nostalgia. I have to guess that most people remember here about Canadian soldiers in World War II than I ever heard in Canada ("The Princess Paul" "Some fine in their blood"). But in the land of society, a good many still yearn they want to change. The top people seem more bored to Britain, Britain, and the conception of the past, more nagged at pinning the mantle to hold up the wall.

Probably it is only a passing phase. There are too many long qualities here to let people keep living backward, fighting back covered more against the present. But for the time being, Canadians seem only to well leave their Chevrolet like slugs, their own people confident statistics, fireplace his for Beveridge, Barter Line, Bar Liffet) in the airport, there's no competing with British chambers. And Empire Loyalty or design producers happen to time on some mother-idea of British strength any as well not get on the place of all.

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In the last issue of *Maclean's*, Prof. J. Tuzo Wilson made an eloquent plea against the sale of gas and oil in the U.S., as the grounds that they'll be needed for us are dramatic requirements. Because Maclean's believes that the proposed Arctic Gas pipeline up the Mackenzie Valley deserves to be debated from every point of view, we asked William P. Wilder, chairman of the consortium planning the five-billion-dollar project, to state his views.

BY WILLIAM P. WILDER



William P. Wilder

That Pipeline: Let The Yanks Pay Our Way

At a time when Canadians are taking acute interest in environment and the quality of life, it isn't surprising that the proposed Arctic Gas pipeline has sparked discussion on many issues.

One area of concern has been environmental impact. Arctic Gas has operated three pipeline test facilities in the North for nearly two years. This \$75 million program has shown that a fully "buried" pipeline carrying gas that has no venting to the atmosphere will not cause adverse effects on the environment. Environmental claims of permanent damage to permafrost.

Arctic Gas scenarios have completed base line wildlife and vegetation studies and we are convinced that any adverse effects on base line will be minimal. These studies have cost two million dollars and detailed environmental impact studies this year will cost several million more.

Another area of concern has been the need to provide urgently required job opportunities in northern Canada, and training programs enabling Indians and Inuit to take advantage of these employment opportunities, at the same time increasing possible social contacts and resource development. We should not ignore the opportunity for northern residents who want to conserve their traditional hunting and trapping lifestyles. But not all northerners want to continue simply living off the land. Many seek an alternative to marginal subsistence based on hunting and trapping in a harsh environment, or the social stresses of welfare. Just as it would be wrong to deny the opportunity to those who want to provide traditional lifestyles, so would it be wrong to deny the opportunity to those who seek the benefits of a wage economy. Pipeline construction will open up such opportunities.

As to developing Arctic fuel reserves, Canadians will themselves benefit substantially from Arctic reserves by the end of this decade if there is to be enough gas to fuel industries and heat homes.

In order to be economically feasible, a pipeline from the Arctic must be large enough to deliver natural gas at the rate of 100 billion cubic feet per day — nearly one-third more than Canada's present total demand. Only by taking advantage of initial access to U.S. mar-

kets can sufficient volume be achieved to finance an Arctic gas pipeline.

About half the total proposed flow of three billion cubic feet per day would be U.S. gas from the north slope of Alaska, with the other half from the Mackenzie Delta. The availability of Alaskan gas thus reduces the amount of Canadian gas that must be sold to the U.S. to make the pipeline feasible. Alaskan gas, and U.S. customers, would in effect help pay the cost of transporting Canadian Arctic gas to Canadian cities.

Only a small portion of the total proposed gas supply in northern Canada would have to be sold to the U.S.

In the March issue of *Maclean's*, Prof. J. Tuzo Wilson, an internationally respected geophysicist, wrote of the rapidly increasing U.S. hunger for fuel and worried about exporting our gas and oil because of the long-term inadequacy of our supplies.

No one in Canada suggests unassisted exports to the United States. But we do need some exports in order to be able to economically utilize our own potential energy supplies, particularly supplies of Arctic natural gas.

Given our historic national policy of limiting energy exports to supplies in excess of our own requirements, I am convinced that our potential supplies of fossil fuel (oil, natural gas and coal) which supply 90% of our energy will be adequate for a long time — if they are developed and made available. In a quarter century of active exploration we have still discovered probably less than 15% of Canada's estimated potential reserves.

William P. Wilder is chairman of Canadian Arctic Gas Study, Limited.

of conventional crude oil and natural gas and we have produced less than 2%.

If reserves of coal and oil from the Athabasca tar sands are included, our reserves and projected potential fossil fuel reserves are estimated at an equivalent of more than a 500-year supply at the projected 1990 rates of demand. But unless we continue to develop our potential supplies at an adequate rate we could face shortages of available domestic energy within a very few years.

Financing the construction of the pipeline can be accomplished without excessive pressure on the Canadian dollar or distortion of the economy. I am convinced that a significant portion of the total capital requirements, and more than 50% of equity capital, can be raised in Canada.

Starting with initial feasibility studies in 1967, the present 25 member firms of Arctic Gas had spent more than \$25 million by 1973 to complete all aspects of the proposed pipeline. As soon as all of the necessary information has been obtained from these studies we intend, later this year, to file applications to Canadian and U.S. government authorities for approval to construct and operate the proposed pipeline. Regulatory proceedings, including exhaustive examination at public hearings, are expected to take at least 26 years. By the carbon that we can anticipate approvals — possibly late 1990s or early 1995 — Arctic Gas will have invested more than seven years and \$50 million. Delivery of materials and construction will take another three or four years.

No industrial project in Canada will have been subject to more extensive study, nor to more exhaustive public examination at hearings before government agencies, as provided by parliament.

The long lead time required indicates why excessive delay of an Arctic gas pipeline cannot be afforded if we are to have gas supplies available when they are needed by the rest of the decade.

Natural gas pipelines from the Arctic also will mean:

- An important stimulus to the national economy
- Majority Canadian ownership and control of the largest single industrial project in the nation's history
- Generation of many thousands of millions of dollars in government revenues

There is no doubt that Canada has an ample supply of potential energy resources. The challenge is to ensure that they will be developed and available as required, and to a market that provides maximum benefits to Canadians. A pipeline to transport natural gas from the Arctic will play a vital role in meeting the challenges. ■

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YOUR VIEW

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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It has been a long time since I have argued against so great and so very particular arguments, but I've done just that with the February issue of *Maclean's*. From cover to cover, every article is thoroughly enjoyable. Keep up your spirit, *Maclean's*. So many publications and I like more than a congregation of advertisement.

MIKE JACK HUNTER, HARRIS, ONT.

The other side

With reference to Peter C. Newman's editorial, *Making Abortion An Accepted Right Of Women* (February), I would like to say that I am definitely against that your religious beliefs are your own personal affair. So, if your religious convictions are in fact, go right ahead and keep yourself an abortion.

DEBORAH PARLOTT, BURNBURY, ONT.

What does a mother who cannot de-Reserve sign - she is not young and she is Canada. You might feel you are on the winning side by supporting the one-sided campaign for abortion. You may succeed, for a time, but the bid is off and the young are questioning - I mean the 16-year-olds. The old are just trying to carry up.

IDA R. F. BREWSTER, VICTORIA.

The argument advanced in your February editorial is not only an intellectually arrogant and tactically naive, but also an unacceptably cruel. The demand for liberalized abortion laws always seems to rest on the rights of women. But arguing that abortion should be an affair between a woman and her doctor simply ignores the fact that there is a child involved at all, suggesting that the unborn baby is no more than a parasite feeding on the life of the mother.

It has been shown that the origins of a child are developed and functioning independently by the sixth week of pregnancy, by the seventh week, the unborn child is a completely formed so to be capable of life outside the womb. It is not only conceivable but actually established, then, that every so-called abortion is murder - that the doctor is a murderer in placing in the position of allowing the child to die after it has been aborted.

The active belief that abortion is still "treated as a criminal act in Canada" can easily be dispelled by a look at hospitals across the country, where abortions are performed in full capacity and the only hindrance to a potential "patient" is the fact that beds are at a premium. Abortion is virtually "on demand" in practice, if not in law.

Life is a continuum. It is too convenient an argument to specify certain

days, weeks or months when life can be regarded as "viable." Certainly there are many thousands of "defective" individuals who could be considered less "viable" than an unborn child. Who would seriously consider it a "legal right" to take these lives? Yet people advocate the deaths of 16,000 potential children, and even argue that this number is entirely insufficient!

ANNE F. O'GRADY, EDMONTON

Abortion is not a question of women's rights but of human rights. To kill a living fetus is to cheapen the value of life - yours and mine.

BILL TROSBY, KNOX

This year issue of justice and human values have been degraded that the rights of the unborn baby are to be completely ignored in favor of the mother's convenience? Please do not presume to use your magazine to further such an abhorrent cause, without at least presenting the basic arguments against the taking of innocent human life.

KEVIN AND HELEN NOLAN, TORONTO

Your February editorial argues that, since there are abortion taking place, the law should go along with them. Never mind whether abortion is right or wrong. Your argument is despicable sophistry. Killing babies is murder.

JO SMITH, GIBSON, ONT.

On to Ottawa

I should like to congratulate you most heartily upon the resumed and final report of abortion on demand, in both your editorial and in Madeleine Gosselin's interview - *Reversing To The Abortionists* (February).

Women in large numbers seem once again to be aware that control over reproduction is their right, rather than a privilege given to them by those in authority. I look forward to the second part of the interview, and I trust the matter of abortion in Canada will not be allowed to rest on your editorial.

LEONA A. MARSDEN, TORONTO

Yours for nicker stories

I thank your magazine is all-round one of the best. And Heather Robertson - I love you! *Of The Firm* (February) was close to home with me. The cold, gray, rainy, wind on the glass, the long, long day on the tractor in a very uncomfortable house, the interesting, bustling, preserving, gardening - you have it all there.

My brother and I march on eleven quarters in the Great Band of the North Saskatchewan River. Our machinery is

continued on page 18

"We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



No miracle to it. Just a giant plastic bag. The wind at your back. And a heck of a lot of fun. All edged in it, John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel - if you read thoughtlike boats and books.



The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the things in an enormous bed of gelatin.



Oops! There we go again - hopped by the waves of a passing barge. And now to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the shore.

Later, at the 104 year old Klen Klen (Life Calf Tavern), we tasted our adventure with Canadian Club. It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it balances its mind and company. They admire its unimpaired character. A taste not matched by any whiskey, anywhere. Canadian Club is "The Best In The House" in 62 lands.



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Your View continued
almost all old, but we are young, and if you can weld you can keep things operating fairly inexpensively. It would be nice to have a luxury or two (like running water). But what the heck — it's a clean life and a free life. There it is: to have, and fish, and lake, and swim, and play guitar. We will die poor, but we'll have had a full life.

Cheers for your magazine, fine in every way, and keep it up!
ALLEN HUNTER, WILSON, SASK.

Why did Merleau allow a writer like Heather Robertson to go out and run someone's story into such a derogatory piece of trash — *Of The Firm* (February)? The article leaves the impression that we farmers in the West all live in typical *Green Acres* style, which is not so. It seems a shame that a writer should get her facts from describing a blow-by-blow account of the blood-and-guns hijacking of a lamb.
MRS. THERESA KUCHYCH, CLAVET, SASK.

Why does Heather Robertson write such a nasty, rotten report of how sheep are butchered on some farms? Does she think people like to read about such things? What sort of mind has she got?

If the woman had left out the first page she would have had a new story. I have done a lot of butchering on the farm, but there are certain things a new person does not know, period.
Yours for more stories,
W. H. CHRYSLER, VANCOUVER.

Credit where credit is due. Congratulations to you and Ms. Heather Robertson for the very fine article on the farm life in rural Saskatchewan. Perhaps the circumstances may differ slightly from farm to farm, but basically Robertson has perceived the position of the average farmer in a very real manner. I

hope your urban readers take heed.
L. J. DAYTON, KELLEYS, SASK.

The Barrett crush-off

I would like to apologize to the readers of *Maclean's* magazine, and to you, for the remarks made by the Premier of British Columbia, David Barrett, in *The Politics Of Taste* (February). As a British Columbian I feel that this questionnaire is okay for BC too, even if our Premier doesn't. If Mr. Barrett doesn't want it known what kind of a person he is, then it's his loss, not anybody else's. Even his colleagues, Premier Schreyer of Manitoba, answered the questionnaire.

I hope the answers made by our Premier did not make you think that all British Columbians are in agreement with their own importance.
JANET ANSELL, AGE 15, MAPLE RIDGE, BC.

Premier David Barrett of British Columbia certainly did not represent himself nor the people of his province in a very worthy manner — *The Politics Of Taste* (February). One question asked on the questionnaire was "What identity do you think you have as a Canadian?" It is lucky for the rest of us that he did not answer that question. Premier Hatfield of New Brunswick stated, "I believe a Canadian is one who has compassion for his fellow citizens and for the separation of all people." Can we now state that this applies to all Canadians except those in British Columbia? If not, Premier Barrett sure makes it sound that way. I think he did a great injustice to the people of British Columbia and to all Canadians who like to think of our country as one of a united people.
SYLVIE POTTELL, ST. JEROME, QUEB.

I was fascinated by your excellent questionnaire coverings of the premises of our provinces — the political strong men

of our times. Particularly fascinating were the names mentioned of the Premier of British Columbia.

So the people of his province are too sophisticated or too busy to answer questionnaires of national interest? The last time I was in Vancouver, it was difficult to mount the City Hall steps without stepping over the grotesque forms of hippies, their girls or their guitars. What sophistication? What busyones?
REG TRAMERS, MONTREAL.

Share the blame

In *Forward To Power* (February), Royce Mackay strikes out at people who, by the very nature of their positions, cannot strike back. Could he not make policy, that is the prerogative of government. Surely, if the blame for unemployment is to be laid on the Department of Finance, it must be laid on the minister and, above to the point, on the government as a whole. As a member of that government Mackay must assume his share of the responsibility. If he is so all-wise as to be a better economist than the civil servant whom he should have berated off the politics he now blames for unemployment.
J. KADAMSHIN, OTTAWA.

He's real

Once the substance of Jack Ludwig's story on Ken Dryden, *Monday's Lonely Foreman* (February) had filtered through my dish-filled mind, I realized what a rare treat his article was. Ludwig was not writing about a hockey player or an athlete. This was a story of an interesting and sensitive individual. My compliments to Jack Ludwig and my admiration for Ken Dryden.
BRIAN MILLER, HALIFAX.

School was worse

At a fairly recent two-year setback of *Rocky Top The Top*, I would like to take issue with Heather Robertson — *Televisions* (February). I've met a number of friends through *Rocky Top The Top*, none of them the smart-alek type applicable she describes. We all had pretty much the same opinion of school — a joke at best and a repressive bore at worst. RFTT was a great way to escape school, meet other kids and have a hell of a good time in the big city, all expenses paid. The program itself was genuinely acknowledged to be so vital to the teenager of intelligence, nevertheless, Robertson should not be so harsh on the content of RFTT. Subjects like film arts, music, current events and social issues and history are rarely touched upon in school. Perhaps three quarters of the material covered on RFTT is

continued on page 22

make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n frosty one



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Some should go by the book.

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True confessions

I really enjoyed your January issue, especially the election reports and Margaret Atwood's *French Book*.

One item, though, just does not fit into *Maclean's* — is *There Redirection After 40?* by Jane Caldwell. It reads like a true-confession story. There is a world of people outside of Toronto who have time to read and think. Artists like her could be married and married. I wonder if she is willing to be responsible for the broken homes she may cause? MRS. HELEN GORTON, CHAMBERLY FORT, MAINE

Follies Drapeau

Keep your pen sharpened, Mr. McMaster — *A Case for Killing The Olympian* (January). The Canadian public could do no better than to have the Olympic torch before it bursts into flames. The money could be directed into many more socially useful channels, athletic and non-athletic alike. It has long applied me that Montreal, which claims to be the most sophisticated city in Canada, should dump raw sewage into the St. Lawrence, our most important and historic waterway. This is little improvement on the sanitation of the Middle Ages — a just note underlined. EMILY L. FLEETON, GRANDVIEW, MAINE

Pitching Wood

Facing Jo Darden-Smith's article — *The Road Book Home* (November) — is a 540-page color illustration by Peter Swann. How can you take the figures and text from Great Wood's famous painting of a giant instead of a packman, give it a different background and not so knowledge that Great Wood had some part in the picture? FRIDA BENDER, GREEN SOUND, ONT.

Usually, it works

Charles Gray — The Heavy Water Bubble That Burst (January) — misleads your readers about heavy water production in Canada. Several hundred tons of heavy water have been produced by Canadian General Electric at their Port Huron, N.S. plant, using the hydrogen-sulfide process. The heavy plant near Kincardine, Ontario, is being continued on page 63

The ultimate Buick



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INSIDE MACLEAN'S



John Perkins

John Perkins, who wrote *Last College* (page 26), is a grocer and brave man.

Last College is about the experience of death. Perkins has major recent disease, a late-onset neurosis of the nerves. It's a terminal ailment, and medical researchers have not yet produced a cure for or even a clear description of it.

The piece was first suggested by Edda Tibbels, assistant to the editor and a friend of Perkins. Associate editor Bill Maclean, who worked with Perkins on the article, was very nervous about the project at the beginning. "I have a natural fear of death and illness. I didn't really want to meet John at all. But when I did, I found he was an intelligent, courteous and above all vital man, with immense courage, and we spent our time talking about his death."

"The embarrassment faded away during our first conversation. We started talking about the technical problems of how you go about communicating joy and the experience of death at the same time. John is convinced that he can whip the disease through sheer application of will. Well, if anybody can, he can. He's become a friend. I hope he makes it."

Recently, some psychologists and doctors have evolved a technique for dealing with the terminal ill, and have trained some medical personnel to help them face death. John Perkins: "I've heard of death therapy, death counseling, and I think it's a good idea. Not for me, because I found out about my sickness early, and I provided my own therapy. But, then, I have a fine doctor—Robert Lee, at Toronto Western Hospital. I don't know what I'd have done if they'd tried to keep me in the dark about motor neuron disease."

A Night On The Town by David E. Lewis (page 46) is another episode in the saga of his growing up in the Annapolis Valley, where he still lives. A collection of his humorous stories, *A Lover Needs A Guide*, was published recently by McClelland and Stewart, which also has another book of particular interest to Maclean's readers—a collection of bumper cartoons by James Sapperton. ■

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Maclean's

The Great Canadian History Robbery

BY RICK SALUTIN

William Lyon Mackenzie lost a rebellion. Can he win the battle of the books?

In grade six, I suddenly noticed History. The Little Rock integration crisis erupted in the U.S., and it upset me greatly. I listened to radio reports and decided to dig around in books. History was coming alive for me, but it was someone else's.

How I envied Americans their past. Something had happened to them. Battles and crises and stories. Leaders who spoke in things they knew posterity was watching. A revolution set them up and a civil war saved their spirit — and the scene still showed. That was the exciting part: their past fit in with their present.

It never occurred to me that Canadian history could explain anything. There didn't seem to be anything to explain. It followed up the American interests for years after, but what had happened to my sense of Canadian history?

Noelzig. I had a typical Canadian education.

I trekked over the early trade routes with my teachers, learned a little about the imperial system and promptly forgot it, hunted the army of Wolfe, who died content (or was it *Mackenzie*?).

We did the Acts: the Quebec Act, the Constitutional Act, the Act of Union, the BNA Act — so many dull acts, it was like the Ed Sullivan show.

The War of 1812 lifted our spirits briefly, and the Rebellion of 1837 gave us comic relief. Mackenzie led his ragging gang of misdeeds down Yonge Street to Toronto and everybody swarmed at the first good natured valley from the local legends.

Then, with a flourish, Responsible Government. What a letdown: the phrase itself was final. Even irresponsible Government would have been catchier.

Confederation. They made a hero of John A. Macdonald. One Lennox, who said, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." If this is founded, who needs rebels?

The expansion of Confederation. 1870, 1871, 1875, 1905, 1906, the CPR. No one bothered us with purposes or conditions. We were expected to remember: "I could never understand how the Causes of the War caused the war," it started again.

Quebec made rare appearances in a troublesome. The Indians were "savages." There was no labor movement and no women.

Canadian history began to peep out toward the end of the 1950s, either by curriculum design, or because summer holidays had arrived. It was sprayed by the international scene — the Wars, the Soviet Union and the Communist Threat rode by side, the UN — and somewhere in the mid-Fifties Canadian history came to a definite stop. Whatever we were learning through ourselves, it was clearly not history.

Canadian history read like the biography of a well-born son. He went from strength to strength, marked by two outstanding successes: the success of the historical experiment, and the successful passage from Colony to Nation. It was a tale of progress, with scarcely a bump and no detours. The historians and teachers couldn't suppress their yawns, why should we?

The worst of all this was not that it was so boring, but that it was false. What, for instance, had become of those two notable successes we heard of in our school days? Quebec is now loudly unhappy within Confederation and may well take off on her own. And the whole nation is more firmly a colony — economically, culturally and politically — than ever, though with a new and different Mother Country. It is as though Canadian history got up and talked back to its writers and its teachers.

The history they gave us was not just miserably false, it was perniciously false. We learned that all that problems were resolved "peaceably" long ago, that there is nothing in our history to get excited over, that Cana- / *continued on page 58*

W.L. Mackenzie: He spoke for Canada

Saratoga, in that atmosphere of chaotic ease, while everybody was drawing circles on the desks with their compasses they got William Lyon Mackenzie by us. We knew he did something, but we didn't know what, and whatever he did was a lot less important than geometry even though making was less important than geometry.

Canadian history is livelier these days. Mackenzie was a crazy man with a crooked red wig — or was he really a revolutionary hero? It all depends on whom you want to believe — in Canada? How did we mess that? Who was this man and why are our historians fighting about him?

For much we know, Mackenzie emigrated to Upper Canada from his native Dundee in 1820. Five years later he had set up his own newspaper, the *Colonial Advocate*, and was already making his presence felt in the colony with his attacks on the Family Compact, the colony's powerful Tory political and financial elite. His demands for honest and efficient government attracted widespread support among farmers and workmen in the cities; they also provoked the Compact into destroying his press in 1826.

For the next decade, Mackenzie played a game of bull-baiting thrust and parry with the Compact. Five times elected to the House of Commons by the voters of York County, he was five times expelled by the Tories for protesting and stirring hell. He swung himself for his final expulsion by becoming the first mayor of the newly incorporated city of Toronto in 1834. But his experience in colonial parliament convinced Mackenzie that they were powerless, so long as final authority rested in the hands of a British governor as often appointed a co-opts. He began appealing directly to the people through a new paper, *The Canadian*, and by the early summer of 1837, Mackenzie was making plans for a rebellion in Upper Canada.

The climax of the rebellion was to be a march on Toronto from Montgomery's Tavern, just north of the city, on Thursday, December 7. But Mackenzie's plans were unravelled when another rebel leader, warned by reports that the colonial authorities might move first, ordered the attack on Monday, December 4 — he fled out of the rebel forces, claiming that leader had gathered in the ranks. The march turned into a series of indecisive skirmishes that lasted through the week. Mackenzie tried and failed to rally his disheartened and discouraged forces; after a final battle on December 7, the rebel leaders decided to abandon further resistance. Mackenzie, with the

help of sympathizers, escaped to Bertha's Island, where he attempted to carry on his struggle for Canadian independence from Navy Island on the Niagara River, where he set up a republic with himself as chairman of the provisional government. He was eventually picked for a short time as Mackenzie's New York, for inviting American volunteers to attack a foreign country. A royal pardon granted in 1849 allowed him to return to Canada the next year; restricted to the Assembly in an independent in 1851, he opposed Wellington and Tories alike for the remainder of his political career. He died, still a rebel, in 1881.

"Our generally peaceful, somewhat alcoholic and quite serious history needs some Mackenzies to keep it alive." (F. H. Armstrong, writing in the *Journal of Canadian Studies*, August 1971). That has been the traditional verdict on Mackenzie. Most Canadian historians, occupied as they have been with our constitutional development, until 1837 as a colorful diversion from more serious matters. And they have posed down to contemporary assessment of Mackenzie as himself as an eccentric. Governor Sir Francis Bond Head's first impression of him echoed through our history: "He sat with his feet not reaching the ground... while with the eccentricity, the volatility, indeed the appearance of a madman, the dry censoriousness in all directions about government."

For traditions in Canadian history are being challenged. For a start, it's coming out of the classroom. And this was some of our writers, poets — even a few historians — see it, such incidents as the 1837 rebellion deserve to be taken more seriously. In a novel, *The Man of the Day*, poet Dennis Lee invokes the ghost of the man who "spoke for Canada": William Lyon Mackenzie as our first great nationalist. Playwright Rick Sullivan in the early 1970s on the present poem, changes that. By telling the story of 1837 as comic opera, historians have robbed Canadians of a vital sense of their own capacity to resist injustice — Mackenzie as our first true revolutionary. Another and profounder, a new crop of historians is still coming up with other versions of the man and the revolt.

What's important is the purpose they share: to find in Canada's past the roots of problems we face today, and evidence of strengths we may use to shape our future. That, after all, is what historians are supposed to do. In their way it's what the best of our historians have always done. But for those of us who raised it the first time, the great Mackenzie debate is an invigorating new look at our past and our present. ■

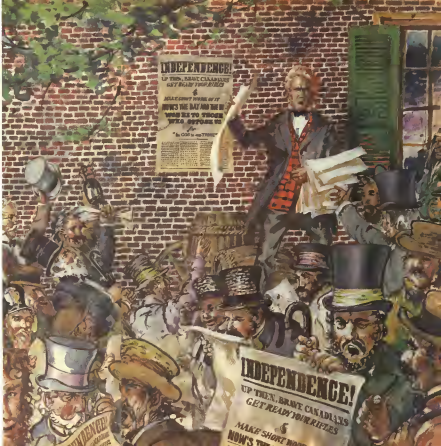




PHOTO COURTESY OF JOHN PARKINS

Last Collage

BY JOHN PARKINS
WITH WILLIAM CAMERON

Dying as a work of art

I'm a painter. I make the largest part of my living as a salesman for an optical company, but for the past 18 years painting has been the major part of my life, the leading edge. It seemed ironic that this thing would attack first the part of my body I need to keep the rest alive.

It started about 36 months ago. I was painting, and I'd only been working for about 15 min. when my right hand suddenly became weak. I looked at it, it was so tough the hand had become a foreign object.

I went to a doctor. He couldn't find anything. But the next point in my body contacted. Small muscles would begin to jerk, twitch, without reason, a finger would dance. I went to a hospital in Toronto, then was transferred to another, and there they made the diagnosis: motor neuron disease.

Motor neuron disease is a progressive condition. The upruling apparatus of the nervous system deteriorates, you lose fine control first, and develop weakness in some parts of the body. Then, as the disease proceeds, entire parts of the body begin to shut out. Eventually, in the disease case, the loss of function extends to the respiratory system. The body removes itself from life, piece by piece.

I was 45. Nobody told me flat-out that I was going to die. I finally asked one doctor, and he said, "If I were you I'd live 30 years on the next row."

My right hand has become almost useless, the fingers have lost their plasticity. The flesh is sinking into the joint between the thumb and the palm.

But there's no pain, at least not yet. Motor neuron disease is a civilized disease, a process of reflection. Researchers don't why medical researchers haven't concentrated on it, that, and the fact that it's rare. Maybe one in 30,000 per year in Canada.

Lon Gehrig, the American baseball player, died of motor neuron disease, of that nervous system.

So, I'm dying. I don't know exactly when. Motor neuron disease is progressive, but not necessarily progressive, the condition can become stable for months at a time, then suddenly flare up and destroy sections of the body within weeks, then level off again. If I were a disease case, I'd be dead. Or far on my back in the hospital. But not yet.

Before my illness was diagnosed, my wife and I had broken up. Not because I was ill, certainly. Our lives together had become unmanageable, and the lack of companionship was the most important thing about the marriage. I fought hard for her to stay. Too many things were changing at the same time, too many things were coming apart.

I'll make this point right now: I am not encouraging pity (That sounds pitiable, in itself.) I am writing this, creating this,

for a number of reasons. Because I'm an artist — if I can't paint, I'll write, I'll sing songs, I'll get out of me what I can. Because I've lately heard of a woman, a friend of a friend, who was told she was terminally ill and crawled into a hole and won't come out. Because I've found the last year and a half to be the best of my life. I have a chance to face and plan my death, to control it, even to make it a work of art. Somebody said once that living well was the best revenge. Dying well is the last painting.

When the head gave out, when I couldn't paint anymore, I began to write, to talk into a tape recorder in the middle of the night. Writing preserves the subtle problems as painting: images, economy, effort, idea. For example:

Time. I'm getting close to the end of my ball of string now. Sometimes I feel like throwing it to my sleep dog can catch it and play with it. But she's smarter than me. She'll bring it back, sleep it in my fire and I'll still have a pick up, seemed it. Unlike the knife. Like everything else, it does have an end. I can't run away.

Dying well is like assembling a collage. Take the best bits and pieces from here and there, assemble them, make them mean something.

I met Calby in the hospital. She's a neurologist's nurse. She saw my chart, my measurements, before she saw me. She knows what motor neuron disease does to people.

I can't explain it, it is as though we have never loved before, either of us.

When I am holding her, she can feel the tremors moving through my body.

It's a cold day for the masses, of course. I'm 45, she's in her early thirties. I'm sick, she's not. But what else we supposed to do? Straggle our shoulders, say wouldn't it be lovely if he didn't have it, and walk away from each other?

Someone asked, "Well, is he rich?"

My real friends didn't pay me when I told them about my illness. My real friends understood about Calby.

We will live well, as long as we can. Nobody can do more than that. We will get married, we will be happy.

I've never been frightened. I've been frustrated: why, for God's sake, me? I've been angry. And, at one point, I was depressed. I thought about suicide. Not after I met her. Then, I didn't have anything to live for, now I have.

But I will not become a vegetable. I'll make sure of that, if I have to.

I think about death, about the point of death, the instant it happens. I've heard that people rescued on the point of death are angry, fight against.

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My Jewish side isn't as obvious as you see. I had lived the previous 10 years with my husband, and during those years my commitment had been in his work. And I suddenly realized that my life had always been committed to somebody else's work. I'd never lived on my own. I'd have married at 20 to my first husband. I flew from the States into the arms of my second husband. I was living for others, trying to please, working for approval, learning to perform, and in my own mind was, until my children, my husband, my job. I suddenly found the stress laid on me quite unbearable.

I discovered there was a real person in me too but that I'd lost touch with myself. I had a long and very debilitating illness at about that time, and a lot of time to think and when things began to get very clearly seen that I'd already well better get back in touch or I was finished.

I was shocked at first when my husband moved away, and I had a week of absolute panic, feeling "I simply can't do this." But then, over the next few or five months, it became clear to me that this only helped I do it, with — you know — very bad moments from time to time, but that it was the most exhilarating thing that had ever happened to me.

I try to myself as a loner-blonde and I never have it as much fun as it is now. The youth and energy on the scene and people my age. We're 35 and up — there just doesn't seem to be a day in it anymore — are really coming into their own. [But I've undergone a lot of pain, isn't that extraordinary?] I always thought that only applied to 16-year-olds and then I see in my 30s, 40s, your undergoing a lot of pain, finally becoming the person I was meant to be. I no longer often please for one thing. I don't want that I try not to please, but I realize myself it looks so important as the other person, and if it comes to a decision probably more important. Now I asked that's a heavy tag to lay on anybody, but I expect other people to feel that too. It's the things we do that make us blind from

TRAILING CLOUDS
A portrait of actress, book publisher, Toronto, that's evident since she was 18 as a radio, an actress and singer. I am wearing a look of her poetry, with a special this spring. She has two more



LOUISE LORRAINE

Once her own efforts have made Canadian photography known around the world. Under the auspices of the National Film Board, she has produced 10 significant documentaries of photography, and of these her efforts.

I don't know how other women are but I think the only way to spend is freely, sure of the role, because of course you're not go-

ing to the Moon. I've had the luxury of never caring if I was loved. That gives you a great deal of freedom to be determined and arrogant. I believe in self-discipline. None of us has enough of it these days, so I've put it down in my constitution, but the fact is that any woman who is going to work in our world and live in another has to have an immense capacity for self-discipline.

I'm not a person who compromises everything. I do I want to be perfectly. A doctor told me once that I was a compulsive perfectionist. I feel he really would have liked to have said someone but he didn't. Well, that's wrong with women's perfectionism. It shouldn't be all for doing that. I've been in situations in my job where I've had to be realistic in defining my position but that doesn't bother me because I'm defining good people and my personal ambitions. I would regret

for what I believe in, or question about. You know how the public reaction I've had before my work appears. I'm not afraid of big ideas, not in the classroom. I've even lived up to John D'Arbore's. In fact, sometimes I welcome the challenge. I've developed a kind of habit of saying "It's as though I observe what is the thing in the classroom that I don't see." I remember myself as a 10-year-old taking someone but not leaving the courage to speak up in class. Well, I'm not afraid anymore, not if anyone.

I'm proud of what I've accomplished. Nobody really thought about photography as something that could make an important contribution to Canadian life and culture before I recognized that. But then I'd have had to be blind not to see it. It was my great pleasure to be there at that time and be able to get public support for what I did. I kind of

to see Canadian talent being the most and focused, as I want to and looked for a similar desire to do these things. I figured if we couldn't produce our great work after 100 years we don't deserve the country.

I still find it difficult to order people about though. I find it difficult with my own children. I work around people living in my way and sometimes that takes work. Sometimes I haven't yet learned in my 10th class but in the 10th way. To me that's failure, when people talk that way, that naturally. Maybe this is uniquely feminine but I think of the really right I ought to be able to tell them to see that too. But I still think it's wrong to compromise too much, that there's something doubtful about making yourself in the situation to be in a position to what you want — and to want the best.



MOLLY RYSAK

Is a graduate who lives in Fredericktown. Her work has been exhibited across the country, and she's taught painting at the studios of USC and New Brunswick. She and her husband have three more new artists in the family and two new children.

There've been women who've refused to live the professional narrative of "you'll make it because I know that people realize. My

nuclear was a rebel thing. She felt she had to do everything. I do a lot for her, except I don't need the distance. Maybe things have changed so much that you don't need to be a rebel anymore. Or maybe because I've painted all my life I've never had the problem of wondering where to place my energies.

I've never thought about what I might be. I still live on a street and you can't live. You're not to be involved in an artist. You have to be conscious of what's coming out of you. There's no way you can accomplish anything without a shadow, almost every sense of yourself.

Some I've sometimes found my painting and felt it sometimes I have some frustration. She likes everybody else. And sometimes I get really mad at marriage. Really I do. Sometimes I feel like a merger in the house. I haven't yet learned to

relinquish power in the house and not try to control everything. Emily Carr had a way. She said men, I think she had to see really if you love men you can give yourself everything. You want as many things, kids, a husband, a home, I would be happy. And it would be available in our lives men forever.

What I really think is comes down to a you have to have a back of a lot of energy. It's not something you can live on. You have to be from with it. You have to be tough and able to take things. I've chosen been able to carry on two lives. I've not really done either well, but in both with it. I've stopped doing both. Actually one part of my life is rather simple. Before and I am together in this house all the time, yet somehow I have a little consciousness of myself that's outside. When I want to take off, I take off. Now I'm, that when I want to walk in Bang, I do, and if

there wants to go to England, he does. We do a lot of things together, but I like marriage very much and I love kids, even though they often drive me mad.

I own a lot, mostly women. It's something most women would hate, packing middle-aged ladies, but I love it. The excitement to me is watching these dancers themselves. I know it sounds like the change, but I think it goes beyond that. To see a woman really find herself for even a moment, the moment, the direct doing that sometimes comes out. It's absolutely exciting. Unfortunately I do see the feeling that the women in the class stop these women put their backs on. They're no longer on that one edge you have to be as if really knowing what you're about. Some of them are very frustrated and angry but they don't know why. Many women become totally de-

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ALMA MATER

has acted with the Standard Pacific Company and in Gino Carli's film, *Los Angeles*, the director, sculptor and actor. She's never been a student in the school. The parents are Robert and Geri. She's never been a student in the school. The parents are Robert and Geri. She's never been a student in the school. The parents are Robert and Geri.

W

When I was 16 I thought it was a great thing to be young because young women are so free to men, but now I feel I will be beautiful till I'm 100, if I live that long. You're the same person all the way, just more and more. Looking older isn't a thought that frightens me anymore.

I have no feelings of fear. I have the feeling that whatever I do will be right as long as I don't cheat myself. I'm constantly feeling my life like a book. A page plus a page plus a page makes a book. Well, a day plus a day plus a day makes a life. I'm creating myself. My own life is not to be an actress but to be fulfilled. I still feel too scattered. I love sculpting and I love acting and I feel that I have to make a choice if I could do anything well I would do them all. But I want to build a life that's coordinated and ordered.

I don't do things anymore that are out of touch with my nature. Like being polite. This past summer I was with some young actors who kept harassing the girls in the group to they wouldn't complain on body about having no parts in the plays we were doing. And I found that I was not playing the game, being nice and doing, but then I realized that was wrong and I stopped. That was acting against me.

It's not a new kind of courage. I think it comes from my parents, from my mother. Being the daughter of Edward Feltman never means anything to me, but to be the daughter of Alexander, you also means something. For me Alexander is something very important. I think that's been part in the wrong part in life by being the wife of a famous actor. She had to give up her work. The first year especially was very hard on her. But now she's had some things, some reflections. She seems very happy and I'm sure a self all come out as a book sometime. She's not exactly a model to me, but she's made me think.

I have things that the way I do. Some I have and some many women live that way. Some children with a husband. If I have a husband

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MEDICAL MIRACLE OR HUCKSTERS DELIGHT?

Not even your doctor knows for sure

BY MICHAEL POPOVICH

"You can quote me," the doctor said, "but if I get into trouble with the College of Physicians and Surgeons I'll have to say that you misinterpreted what I said. And of course you can say that you quoted me correctly, but then I'll say you didn't and it'll be your word against mine."

Doctors are like that sometimes. Ethics. The medical establishment frowns on its members becoming involved in controversy. A doctor can lose his license for speaking out of turn—or in the world has you believe. Clearly it begins with any advice medicine is strongly in line. It's an irony of medicine in Canada today that the same men who transcend hearts and lives, cure many diseases and even experiment with life itself become such conservatives when it comes to presiding over their own professions.

All its best the medical conservators protect as from phony cures and quackery. There is much to be said for slow, careful, skeptical analysis of new treatments when human lives are at stake. But this same conservatism can also become a simple, unwarranted indignation to change, an expression of complacency, comfort, and lethargy.

Scars and ridicule were once heaped on Louis Pasteur, who discovered that disease was caused by germs, which could be killed, and on Joseph Lister, the father of antiseptic medicine, and Ignaz Semmelweis, before them, who died mad by attacks on his work. (All that Semmelweis wanted was for doctors to wash their hands before they delivered babies. He had noticed, in the 1850s, that mothers lost fewer babies than doctors who often came directly from autopsy room to delivery room. Once they did Hart washing up they wiped out the dead child-bed fever which routinely killed one in five mothers.) Or take acupuncture. For centuries it was dismissed by western physicians as something akin to witchcraft. (I told James Reston of the New York Times developed gas pains after an appendectomy in Peking. These needles were inserted into Reston's right elbow and below the knee. This treatment relieved the pressure in his stomach and Reston now felt better. Now, largely due to the misleading publicity, western doctors are taking a close look at acupuncture.)

Our medical men have introduced themselves with an understandable apologetic at a time when their patients have started to treat everything they say simply because doctors are saying it. The doctor who warned that he would, if necessary, declare that I am a liar was responding to some very strong pressures on him to toe the line.

But this same doctor claims that potentially worthwhile contributions to the science of medicine are right now being seriously dissipated out of ignorance and stubbornness, and it may well be so. Certainly thousands of Canadians believe that taking massive doses of vitamin E every day will protect them from a catalog list of ailments ranging from miscarriages through heart attacks to the process of aging.

Canadians spent \$30 million on vitamin E capsules last year (Americans spent \$60 million) at \$9.97 for 100 capsules of 400 international units each. (Actual daily body needs are only stated in 30 units at most for adults.) The Canadian expenditure is expected to reach \$25 million by 1978. Withar Pharmaceuticals Ltd., reportedly the largest manufacturer of vitamin E capsules, claims that at least 2,500 doctors in Canada use vitamin E personally, ordering it in quantities sufficient only for the muscles and their families. Pope Pius XII and John Lush vitamin E and it was included in the diet of U.S. astronauts.

All of this despite the fact that the medical profession, speaking through its various societies, has steadfastly claimed that heavy doses of vitamin E are useless. The American Heart Association concluded a year ago that "massive doses of vitamin E are neither known nor do they exert any recognizable pharmacologic or therapeutic effects on cardiovascular disorders." The Medical Letter, a non-profit publication on drugs and therapeutics which is correlated among doctors—and with at least 10 medical professions on its editorial and advisory boards—declared that "except for a vitamin E deficiency state associated with a hemolytic type of anemia that may occasionally occur in small, premature infants, supplements of the vitamin have no established value in preventing or treating any common human disorders." More recently, Consumer Reports published a report in its January issue which concluded that "the use of vitamin E as a dietary supplement or in a medication for common ailments is at best a waste of money."

Dr. R. A. Bard, associate professor of surgery at the University of Toronto, head of Toronto Women Hospital's cardiovascular division, and chairman of the medical committee of the Canadian Heart Foundation, said that both that body and the Canadian Heart Foundation agree with the American Heart Association's statement against vitamin E. But Dr. Bard admitted that about half the people who go to him for treatment of heart disease are already taking it.

A great many people are spending a lot of money on vitamin E capsules that the medical professions claim are worthless, and the people who believe in vitamin E tend to be naive, talking it up ardently among friends, relatives, even—whatever audiences they can command. The reasons for this contradiction are complicated, and have to do with the thousands of reactive among doctors who simply cannot bring themselves to believe in one-of-a-kind miracle that they could believe in the fables of youth. And yet in Canada, as in the U.S. and in Britain there are other doctors who claim they have experimented with vitamin E and have found it truly a miracle drug.

In Canada there are, first of all, the St. John's brothers—Dr. Fred and Wilfred—who have become the chief proponents of vitamin E, or alpha-tocopherol, in use as a scientific name. They became actively interested in the

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This is Genuine VITAMIN E

Recommended by some doctors* for
 Blood Clots, Heart Diseases, Ulcers, Gangrene,
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 And Apprehended Miscarriages.

*Others may agree or disagree with our recommendation. Please consult your doctor.

When I was 11 I read Thomas Rudyard's *The Nymph and The Leap* and fell in love with Sable Island. Sable didn't fade with my other prepubescent crushes, it settled into my spirit so forcefully that two summers ago—17 years later—I was almost afraid to visit the island. Guess the desire to soothe an old, compelling fantasy, one beset by the image carries more weight than its reality can bear.

Canadians respond to the imagery of islands, for islands are part of our imagination.

The country was littered with them by curiously interesting glaciers. I have lived on two islands, a friend of mine owns one in the cottage-country belt about 120 miles north of Toronto. It's not that unusual.

But there's another aspect to the appeal. We Canadians live in a sort of Diaspora within our own country, so distant we cannot enjoy our spaces with any certainty, for we cannot quite draw the lines. An island has its lines. An island is tangible. There is the water,

here is the land, this is the controlling line, here is my space. We feel dangerously exposed on all sides, menaced by the capillary action of geography. Islands have what we seek: definition.

Sable Island enters our minds because we have a focused image of what it is. In June 1971 Mobil Oil announced a strike on the island and most of us were disturbed. The image we had of Sable was somehow shattered. Centuries of Canadians have known it as the Graveyard of the Atlantic, a

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SABLE ISLAND

BY PENNY WILLIAMS

Mixing oil and history in the Graveyard of the Atlantic



MEL HYLAND'S HOME ON THE RANGE

BY HERBERT HARKER

The Calgary Stampede as a rough ride on the way to the saddle bronc championship of the world



Not everybody who goes to the Calgary Stampede — last year or any year — is there to see the rodeo. Some get on the home runs. Some ride the roller coaster. They go to see skin games, skin shows, powdered jerseys and other talismans that the 30,000-odd who join the grandstand every afternoon observe an ancient struggle brought up to date — the contest between man and beast. And at times the moans and cries of the crowd can be heard as the farthest corner of the grounds, or even in the city streets as lights of a mile beyond.

"The public doesn't understand it. When they understand it, like football or hockey, then it'll really go."

Within half an hour Mel Hyland will climb on the back of Red Gold, a horse as purposed as a polo pony and just as skilled in his job. Red Gold's job is bucking. Most of the fans will watch with the idea that they're viewing a spectacle instead of a sport. Mel would like to change that. He thinks of himself as a professional athlete.

"I got smoking almost six months ago. I can really cut a difference in my breathing. 'Course I still get out of breath, but it comes back faster. I'm never going to smoke any more."

Except for a brief trip to Oregon on Saturday to ride in Eugene, he's been waiting since Friday. Now at last it's Wednesday, and he's up again.

"Yes, I think Calgary's the biggest and best — better stock, the best run, the most professional."

Watching, Mel is silent, you would suppose he must be a diffident person, made of solid grit and rather. Surely nothing as fragile as flesh and bone could spur those broncs the way he does — and sometimes fall and roll, and get up and walk away.

"I been lucky. One time, though, I landed on my neck — knocked the wind right out of me. When I could breathe again, I noticed my shoulder was hurting like crazy. I thought it was broken, but it turned out to be a sprain. I was right in the middle of a hot streak, so I laid down

my shoulder and was back riding the next day. I won \$2,000 in the following week, drove and back for a few days to let my shoulder heal."

You see him standing behind the daises, though, and he looks like any other man — a little smaller than most,



skin as a mauler, short body, long legs, shoulders slightly bunched, smiling, black hat, close-cropped hair; Levi's, scuffed boots. He bends over to spit. In his hip pocket is a round badge made by his fan of Copenkings chewing tobacco.

"I've never had any good luck in Calgary, though. I guess Cheyenne's my sentimental favorite. For four years I never scored lower than fourth. And then last year — nothing."

Behind the infield bleachers the ground is strewn with saddles, chaps, duffel bags and cowboys getting their gear ready. A few of them are somewhere different from the rest — perhaps it's the way they stand, maybe their faces give them away, you can't be sure. They carry themselves with a rustic grace that

is as fluid as it is unmistakable. You are not surprised to learn that there are the champions: Kenny McLean, Vernon, British Columbia; Marty Wood, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Tom Bova, Prince, Alberta; J. C. Benson, Haysman, Montana; Dale Trotter, Jackson Valley, Alberta; Phil Lynn, George West, Texas; Bill Smith, Cody, Wyoming; Larry Malina, Fresno, Texas.

"My dad got me started. Him and my Uncle Knish. When I was about two years old, Dad used to wrap a leather belt around his middle and buck me across the living room floor. Till one day I jumped him in the rear — and that ended that."

There's not much talk as the cowboys get ready — that all happened back in front of the Stampede Office as boys go.

"Geeze, you're hot, ain't you?" "Yeh. But I've a cold son of a bitch last week."

"What you been doing, eh?" (That's a Canadian cowboy from Texas.)

"These fellas over there are minkies! A mink about the size of cowboy. Don't smoke. Don't drink. Don't even drink. Don't smoke. He'll."

"I got a hot one today. Old Caliente. Wow! A \$2,000 week."

"If a fellow walked in among the cowboys with long hair and a beard, unless he was from the prairies or something, he'd get the coldest shoulder you ever saw."

The men seem preoccupied now, going about their business with quiet unconscious. They ride their de-horned saddles on the ground in what appears to be a rather minor preparation of riding a bronco, until you learn they're just working the reins into the pews of the saddle.

"You've got to keep loose, though. You can't give a good ride if you're squeaky like saddle cows."

Mel rips open his duffel bag. He changes to a pair of boots with lashed spurs already on them, then drops his wallet and his Copenkings into one of the boots he just took off. He puts on his chaps, puts his pockets to be sure they're

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

Or The Mystery of
Miss Marston's Garden

It was actually Henry's father who was responsible for the whole thing. Henry and I were listening to the radio and playing gas mummy, and Henry's father was leaning to the radio and reading his newspaper. Suddenly he looked up and said, "I should think two healthy boys your age would be outdoors on a beautiful July evening like this."

This triggered a stream of reminiscences which started with him as a boy of 10 making eight omelets before breakfast and ended when he ran away to sea at 14. Once Henry had been brain enough to consent that in Nova Scotia there was no other place to stay away to, unless one confined himself to a circle, I considered that a reasonably logical comment, just for Henry, but it earned him a kicking. Henry and I came to the conclusion that parents didn't have much use for logic. For one thing, they usually called it rudeness. And so we said nothing, while Henry's father dined on, I suspect that "the good old days" are somewhat enhanced by nostalgia and exaggeration. For the first time Henry's father told us about milking the cows there were only four, and the original story he had won as a boy in the Annapolis County Exhibition Athletics Meet was 300 yards a few years ago, but later re-analyzed into three miles, which would have placed the finishing line in the next county.

Henry's father was quite capable of applying his Groucho adage "Spoke the rod" to the backside of the neighbor's boy as well as to Henry's, and I lived next door. The father had an unspoken agreement (I will refrain from calling it a gentlemen's) that whenever their sons came home missing from a neighbor's strip, the punishment was dispensed at home. Thus we were more than happy to go home blushing that Mr. So-and-so had seen fit to punish us, and that made

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ON THE TOWN

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us peculiarly vulnerable. We had no recourse, particularly from Henry's father, who usually had a hard day at the office and suffered from stress.

Anyway, that night Henry's father doled his disburse and glared at us with a "let's see you make a move" glare in his eye.

"I think I'll go home," I said, grasping up off the floor.

The special helplessness in Henry's eyes somehow got through to my innumerate instincts.

"Why don't we . . . put up a tent in the backyard and sleep out tonight?" said Henry in a pleading tone.

"Now that's a real good idea," said Henry's father. "When I was a boy of 16 my parents couldn't keep me in the house at night like this." It occurred to me that everything Henry's father said about his youth had happened when he was 14, which was my age and Henry's. At least when we turned 15 we could perhaps accept a new concept.

"I don't think my parents would let me," I said weakly.

"Don't worry about that," said Henry's father. "I'll phone them and get it all arranged."

There is probably nothing I like more than putting up a tent, unless it's sleeping in one. It occurred to me that friendship was a double-edged sword. Henry's

test was the type that needed pigs and loose food things, and the only hedge I had over them was . . . Boy Scout was for good citizenship. We decided to put it out behind (as he said, because there was a light in the barn, and the last time we had attempted to raise the thing it had been in the daylight, and it had been a disaster. Henry kept looking at me with guilty eyes, perhaps because I was glaring at him but I assure his conscience was soiled. After all, it really wasn't my fault that his father had ideas).

"Well," I said weakly, "it seems a lot of bother just to get rid of us."

"Yeah," said Henry.

Finally we got it wobbly verbalized and agreed: since Henry's mother had given us four peanut-butter sandwiches, we made it, and a bunch of old comic books. A flashlight would have come in handy. It looked like Sparrow flew to me, but I was getting on to adult thinking. We were, after all, about 300 yards from the house.

"Then can that barn light," Henry's father yelled from the back door. I looked at Henry. "It's your turn," I said.

"Yeah," said Henry. He looked very dejected as he crawled out of the tent. It took him a while, but he crawled right over to the barn, so, but the things Henry does defy description. His nose

back in the dark, he tripped on a gay rope and the tent collapsed. He started to yell. But only I was under the tent, but I was also under Henry. "Get off! get off!" I gaped in muffled tones. Finally I was extricated from the tangled mass of canvas and we stood looking down at it hopefully. I knew Henry didn't dare turn on the barn light again, regardless of the reason. Henry's father was not going to listen to logic.

"I've got it!" I said. "Henry's cabin!" Henry had a little clubhouse out behind his father's house, and it was a meeting place for clandestine pleasures: the telling dirty jokes, reading pilfered prize magazines, and smoking cigarettes if we were lucky, there might even be a bear or two hidden under the floorboards.

"I'll get the sandwiches," said Henry, suddenly reformed. He crawled into the flattened tent and in a few minutes came back with his small arsenal lock. "You sit on them," he said gleefully.

I thought that I had covered considerably well, and I started eagerly to show more. "That is the way the tent crum- bles," I merely said.

We decided to take the backyard route to Henry's so as not to start Henry's father. That meant our considerable

yard. Minnie kept the town cop busy with constant 804s that there were problems, there, Peeping Tom and vibrations in her backyard. Henry and I had often wondered what in the world a Peeping Tom would expect to see in Minnie's house except her old Victorian piano, three hedge birds (which were named Fie, Tidy and Topsy) and Minnie herself, which seemed awfully uninteresting there. We were halfway through her piano patch when the back-door light snapped on and Minnie was standing there, holding a broom and wearing a nightgown like Edna May Oliver in *Dani Copplefield*.

"Who's there? who's there?" she screamed, waving the broom like a drunken cat.

"Nobody," shouted Henry, and the two of us took off in an Olympic burst of speed, over her fence, and well into Minnie's yard. We were safe. The Minnie was perched parties and made so much noise that it living room in the front of the house that it wouldn't matter how much anyone made in the back. Meanwhile we could hear Minnie Minnie screaming. "Theater! Theater! Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom!" The lights started coming on in every window.

"Good night," whispered Henry. When we reached the Black in Hawthorn's yard, we stopped for a rest.

"That was a cut dragging you pulled back that," I said. "What?" said Henry. I could never decide whether Henry was naive or just stupid.

"Telling out, he's what?" He began to look like a special agent. I found the only way to keep Henry from peeping down was to lock him where he'd down.

"There's no one out here but at chicken!" Janet? I said, and started for Henry's clubhouse.

There were no lights in Henry's house. Henry was in charge of it, and we all we needed to do was reach the clubhouse. He was doubtful if we'd disturb Henry's father. He and his wife had 17 kids, and he was only 45.

The door was locked, but we knew where the key was. At that we decided not to use the light, but Henry had rearranged everything and we kept hearing ourselves on the orange cross. Finally I lit a match and reached down under the loose floor plank.

"Look!" I yelled, and lifted out two pens of beer and a small pack of cigarettes. Henry had lifted from the droppers.

"Shhh!" said Henry.

We opened the beer. We lit up the cigarettes, and began to drink. The even Henry's father who, after all, had copulated the whole family. I mean Henry opened the beer. He took two pints, and

snapped the cap off one, which I took and then left him with an unopened one. Unkindly I commented, "You have a problem?" Finally he found a ledge, and after much splashing, he got it opened.

We stretched out a beer to one hand and a cigar in the other.

"Tell me," said Henry, "what's a rep-ist?"

"A what?"

"What Minnie Maudlin called us." I remembered the English teacher telling us that the mafia "is" meant someone who does nothing.

"It's someone who rep-ist," I said knowingly.

"Oh, yeah?" said Henry. Suddenly the door burst opened, and Henry's father chose a flashlight in one foot, and snapped on the light in the other.

"Freshest!" he yelled.

"He's just pulled."

"What's . . . waiting for Henry," said Henry.

"Henry's at camp in Yarmouth, and you know it," Henry's father said. Just then Henry's father stepped in, and behind him, my father, and behind him, Minnie Maudlin, in her nightgown.

"Then they are," she screamed. "I saw them in the moonlight!"

She started it on. "Freshest!" she cried.

continued on page 54

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ON THE TOWN continued

Apparently she had decided to drop the rage charges because of my heady age. My father glared at me at the bar, at the cage, and then at me again. Henry's father seemed to Henry's father "What'll I get him home?" "Did you go through Miss Manden's garden?" said a starchy voice and then said the town cop, Dick Matus, he didn't seem like he did when we played softball together.

"We went right through," I said

laughing.

"Right through my petunia bed!" she

yelled. "You killed them!"

"My dad, I thought, we're up on a

major charge."

"We didn't mean to kill them," said

Henry.

Suddenly I struck me that it is impos-

sible to kill a petunia. I gave Henry a

dry look.

"They'll be over to replace your pe-

tenias. Matus, don't worry," and my

father in an ominous tone.

I shall admit from describing the

Spanish language that rock music is

irrelevant. That night I discovered that

the fathers were admirably able to

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handle their own sons without the inter-

ference of the neighbors. It was the only

time I had, for my father didn't have

them. Henry and I were forbidden to

see each other, but in a small way that

wasn't. Each father, for a time, was

with the other son, having con-

cluded that the other son's son was a

bad influence on his own. But eventually

they seemed rather amused at the whole

thing. At the same time, it wasn't. The

interrogation passed my father kept say-

ing, "How many times did you really

love?" and I kept telling the truth -

"One." After a painful moment, it oc-

curred to me, in my befuddled state, that

it was the "one" that was missing. He

had been possibly be admitted at a son

who would suit for one. I was tem-

perately suggested "Two!" and there was

a conceivable mitigation period. I stopped

at six.

When Henry and I met, down behind

the bridge, we compared our names.

We tried to put the point to

gether to find out what we had done. It

seems that Missus Manden had called

the town cop, who in turn had called

parents, and Henry's father had made a

conceivable concession. He had

been headed for Missus Manden's. But

in a small town gossiping space in an

otherwise quiet town, it was several

weeks before Henry or I could go into

the local garage without getting

swears and city news and whistles.

Our reputation as real devils carried

over into the school year, and in our

preference class there was a com-

parable postscripting of seats so that

several girls could sit next to me. Valen-

HIRSCH from page 20

can't see farther ahead now than a

few feet. Though the frost should on

the side windows of the car the snow

whirls against terrified darkness. The

road runs on - there is no light out

there. Not a shape to tell me where I am.

The car is warm. There are three

seats, the wind, the motor and the

scraping wipers. I don't have a watch.

No more than a bit of waste road. The

blackness never retreats. I am not really

moving at all, though the wheels are

turning. I am in motion but there is no

sign of advance. I look desperately

afraid for some sign of habitation, a

house, a tree, a house, another car. There

is nothing. I could be driving on a plank

across the ocean.

Later Day in the Whinnell. Phil,

John and I are out for a weekend. At

night we sit in the cottage by the fire.

There is a little talk. We go up early, be-

fore the sun, now across fields of water

lies in the blue mist of the lake, going

fish. The sky turns pink, for the first

time I hear a loon's cry. The silence is

silently defined, clear, fresh and clear

is the water on my living hand. We go

past green fields, barely visible - just

the start of nothing, wood, farm,

wet leaves, gray meadows. The sun is

coming up, the mist lifts from the lake,

and the lake grows with the shore,

capped by black pines, green pines,

come into view. We pass through fields

of wild rice where two Indians are har-

vesting. The grain falls like water into

the bottom of their canoes. We hear the

sound distinctly at first, a softness as we

hear it begins to rain. The lake seems

like a frying pan.

Canada is Winnipeg, and Winnipeg

is winter, a column of snow rising 100

feet high on a windy night, cutting

through the air, the air is cold.

Waste beautiful things of snow. Red, green and

amber flash from the monster snow-

drifts. Crapshooters. The last snow

falls. You hear no footsteps, the snow

is like a house and sounds, the silence

falls in like the snow and covers

everything. The black, snowy branches

flame with white, fill out like old ladies,

everybody grows mixed and banded, and

their faces look like Mafeking apples

wrapped in the carpet. The sun is up at

the long day, the snow sparkles like

green glass, the light beams, steps,

the air is still sharp with specks of dis-

solved, the sky is a blinding summer

blue. Across the snowfields from the

champan a force of white smoke and

harmless lace.

And the old steam both on DeWitt.

The rising heavy Ulstermen being

rubbed down with brushes of oak

leaves, dipped in wooden buckets full of

downing, but not enough to get them

into the speak of ice cold water on the

red bodies, the red of wet building

clouds escaping from the steam rose

continued on page 50



With gracious company

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into the tired showers. The smell of lavender wet wood lingers inside. Around the big hoodlum-covered table in the dressing room the men unfold their bundles of newspapers and sip the soft beverages. They chop off the heads and hold the fish by the tail, strip the flesh with their teeth, peeling the skeleton clean out of their mouths with a neighbor's brocade. They slice big Spanish onions into crackling wheels. They break off big hunks of rye bread and wash them down with sips of rye. The table is an orgy of burning heads and bones, wet newspapers, onion skins, fish guts, oysters. The men's bodies drip with booze, bits of meat, rye-soaked crumbs. Around their naked feet the cat is in a state. The air is heavy in cloth.

We aren't interesting enough. Our lives are ordinary lives. We live in cities where just a not worth preserving. Our present is not unique enough to be recorded. We are only interested in neighbors whose lives are full of glamour, excitement, who live today, and we are interested in relatives who carry all the pomp and prizes of yesterday. We can't see ourselves as part of our business. It will be decided elsewhere, by others. We are old ladies who live their lives by listening in on the party line.

About 15 years ago, when I advised against going to an American foundation for the money needed to finance the Manitoba Theatre Centre — I was afraid of strings and wanted to have the place strictly Canadiano — I was given a lecture by a third-generation Canadian about our American Neighbor and the Unions of a European Kind of Importation. During the lecture, the chairman, the chairman of the board of a Canadian theatre, who was also the

chairman of one of Canada's great universal corporations, said, "I don't want to see you down!" He blurted, for a second. But he did it anyway.

When I went to the city council to ask for a \$1,000 grant for Rainbow Stage, the open-air musical theatre out in Winnipeg's Kildonan Park, one of the administrators told me that he'd give us the money — "if you can get more people out to see one of their shows than I can get out for a Yo-Yo concert." We did. At the end of the first season we had more people out there than they had had in the baseball games that summer.

I was among the first group of Canadians to receive the Service Medal of the Order of Canada. I was working in New York then and had just enough time to run from a morning rehearsal to the airport, catch a plane to Ottawa for the reception, and then race back to New York the same night for rehearsal in the morning. My stage manager in New York got me a set of suits with all the trimmings, and handed me the box as I was getting into a taxi. In Ottawa I rushed to the hotel to dress, putting on the assumed pieces, hoping there might be a set of instructions. I did all right till I came to the shirt. I was able to put the shirt in their appropriate place but when I tried to fit them into the button holes I found that they were all worn away and there was no way to keep the shirt buttoned. I took upon the idea of using a Napoleonic penic, my right arm clanking my shirt to keep it from opening. But as soon as I got down to the lobby and started running into people, I realized that I had made a terrible mistake. I couldn't shake hands with anyone without exposing my neck cloth. So I used my left hand, explaining that I

had pulled a muscle in my right arm. At the Governor General's reception, an architect of Montreal was playing Gears, articles, and government officials moved into the reception hall, greeting each other, shaking hands, more shaking of hands. I kept repeating the nightmare story. Mutterings of sympathy, concern, and condolences. When we got into the hall and sat down I turned to my neighbor, a conductor and another Central European Jewish Nationalist Canadian, and told him the truth about my predicament. My name was called. I walked up to the dais and shook the Governor General's extended right hand with my left, answering for the hundredth time that evening, my shirt. I was offered sympathy once more, and good wishes as well. Cheers rolled, finally he flashed a frown, with my left hand, the morose-faced book. Clutching my side I walked back to my seat and said to my neighbor, "You see, this is God's way of reminding me that in this life I am still just a Hungarian Jewish orphan."

In Winnipeg most things are still possible. There are people to talk to at the top. People here tell news items one by one through. They are not quite the same story as elsewhere. The dark situations — there is no point in thinking of change, of making changes, it is too late, matters have gone too far, we are incapable — are not as pervasive as elsewhere. People here say only one thing. They smile, and it is genuine. They ask you how you are, and they want to know.

People used to run away from Winnipeg as soon as they could. There was excitement and life out there. Here we were isolated in the middle of nowhere. The prairie was too large, too indefinable. Too much space. The winds blew everything away. No permanence. No tradition. When Mr. Rosenholtz started his TV weather report with, "In Winnipeg, the heart of the continent," we cynically subverted another and more apt part of the human history. When people talked about the openness, warmth, abundance and the sense of community, we laughed and asked, "Yeah, the cold is terrible, but it's a dry cold!" But now the media, the counterculture, the underground, the middle-aged fellow travelers on the big head wagon of the grunting to make long the naive virtues, and Mr. Rosenholtz's rural chauvinism seems like the real thing. Every time I go into Kekeli's Chop shop on North Main the three sisters greet me, as they greet everyone, with a handshake, a kiss, a warm smile. When I remarked about this to one of the girls — she is at least as old as I am — she said to me, "You know, this is something new about this place." I know," I said, "it's love." She smiled at me from her shoes up. "That's it." ■

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DAVID L. RAY

HISTORY from page 27

data don't get excited, that they never fight back against things as they have always been.

That approach made it difficult to explore things like rebellions, strikes, electoral reverses, and Louis Riel and the Métis. So such examples of resistance in our history were either dismissed as hooliganism — because they failed — or they were glossed over. The whole period between the wars, full of instances of Canadians fighting back, slipped out of sight.

The Du-To-Ottawa Trek of 1935, for example. Canadian workers done out of jobs by the Depression were banded into "tugs" camps in the interior of BC to labor for 25 cents a day. They decided not to take it and headed out from Vancouver in bonitos. The Canadian people on the move via CP Freight — and being aided in communities along the way. When they got to Regina, more than 2,000 of them, the government imprisoned until the Mounties broke their heads — and their march.

I am not a professional historian and have only stumbled on a bit of our missing history of resistance. It is hard to come by and you find it mostly by accident.

Once, through the haze in a bar, an American journalist referred me to the Winnipeg General Strike.

"The what?" I asked.

"The most important general strike in the history of North America," she said. "Workers took over the city and ran it for three weeks in 1919."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"It got shut down," she said. "The federal government, the Mounties. The American unions told their branches not to support it. Even Lenin's supplied homes fire for newly kind politicians. But it was a great success."

Indeed it was.

The point about resistance such as this is not that it failed, but that it occurred. In spite of our long history of foreign domination, there has always been a will among Canadians to fight for control over their own and their country's destiny. The question is why our historians and teachers never told us about it. And what effect our ignorance has had on us.

In 1966, a "very strong involvement" of the way Canadian history is taught in our schools was published in a book edited, with neo-Canadian indignation, *What Culture? What Heritage?* Its author, A. B. Hodgkin, took two years off from his post as chairman of the history department at Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ontario, to direct this privately funded study. He and his researchers observed 350 Canadian history teachers in 247 schools in 20 cities across Canada. They held 800 private interviews and interviewed 10,000 Canadians. They found out what everyone

had known all the time: most of the Canadian history being taught across the land was "antiquated and fundamentally untrue." From sea to sea the Canadian people were being robbed of a part, or of a part that they wanted very much of.

By the time the study was done, of course, some Canadians — Canadian historians, for example — were already realizing that they knew they had been robbed. A few more had pinpointed the source of their discontent and started doing some digging of their own to recover their past. By now we must have a small army of people on GYT grants carving tape incidents around the country, doing oral history, social history, people's history. We turned up enough labor historians to form a nationwide committee (under Irving Abella of York University in Toronto) and we've got at least one Emancipator play. Christ, Bob's August Jung, out of all the scenery.

Hodgkin's study helped open school curricula to this kind of work. There are new strategies and tactics, new teachers and texts. The new methods and materials certainly look broader, but it is still so wonder whether education grasped the substance of the trade. Have they made Canadian history any less "antiquated" and more "useful" to students?

Everybody is jumping on the Canadian Studies bandwagon. There are now teaching units on Indians, women, labor, and new resources available to use for them. The big word for the new materials is "McLarenism." Waters and problems talk about getting "lots of activity on the page," and gossip over who has "really made a killing in Canadian history." Old-style textbooks are the last of it.

There are "bits" on *Golf de The Caribou*, *The Winnipeg General Strike* and *Wheat*. These contain reprints of newspaper, photocopies of letters in the original handwriting, canceled cheques, rubbery reproductions of R. B. Bennett speeches — radio-vocal Rads from the attic of Canadian history. The idea is to let the kids drag them down and rearrange through them.

Some American companies have taken over many of our big publishing houses at this point, they are the ones putting out a lot of these materials. They have adapted cheerfully. In one book (*Violence, Protest And Social Change*, from Prentice-Hall), the publisher's subject divisions were listed: *Indians south of the border* — *Yankee, Blackie, Minutemen, the Force* — but the readings are all from Canadian sources.

The same publisher does not even think of putting out a resource book on the take-over of the economy by U.S. companies. The title, though, *Canada And The U.S. Commercial Partners Or Wary Neighbors?* neglects certain al-

continued on page 81



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lage. Everyone knew why the farmers visited her one by one on Saturday when they brought in the milk, and nobody minded, including the priest."

The teaching of history has become part of the current federal-provincial struggle. The provincial Ministry of Education is trying to impose a relatively "Tehranite" Canadian history curriculum. It downplays Quebec and does not mention, for instance, the conscription crisis during the war. Even the English-speaking teachers in Quebec have objected to it. The French-speaking teachers are in potent opposition; the battle is now being fought out in the classrooms, where the teachers have the last word.

We are not so different from Quebec. We have had our own secular version of their racial wars. We have thought of ourselves as living in a tolerant land—the Peaceable Kingdom, according to historian William Kilbourn—safe from the clashes and uprisings that raged elsewhere. It failed on its way while the country was drifting apart.

It is not so surprising, therefore, that our teachers, not as if they don't know what to do with history. As if they have been thrown a ball, but don't know what game it is. In a former classroom they know, almost instinctively, in Quebec, they are learning that the history we are teachers to teach in a country that continues to romanticize its colonial past?



"Do you think we're supplying him with a guaranteed annual income?"

What are you going to do, for instance, about instilling national pride in a nation that still celebrates Queen Victoria's birthday, while spurning events commemorating a series of foreign invasions?

We have an anti-establishment tradition that fights in Westminster. Pearson a great nationalist? What? After that nationalist? The last history teacher I met, a department head in a suburban Toronto high school, refused to let his kids skip Canadian history to watch the final game of the Texas Canada series. "The act was in the library. I never use so many kids in there." He taught that alternative courses about Canada, yet he seemed afraid that they might have some effect. "I showed Countdown Canada last year," he told me. (It is a TV drama in which Canada becomes the fifty-first state of the U.S.) "I had four girls cry!" he recounted with horror. What amazes is that national feelings have survived in the students despite the teachers and politicians.

When we do get some national leadership it is a disaster. Other countries have People's Armies and wars of national liberation. We get communism and relations. "Lead to those damn bad dollars for more research on the takeover of the economy," will not rally the masses in the way "Remember the Alamo!" does.

Why, oh why is it that Robin Mathew and Milton Acorn sound so an-Ca-

nadian when they talk with passion against the selfish of the country? In times past Canadians have shared their convictions and fought for their rights. You find this has been hidden from us. We have been given a history of colonialism—a history to keep the natives from getting restless. In a certain way, a law stated on—so began we remained a colony. When we decide to do something different about the country, we will know better how to win in history.

At any rate, our choice is limited. The old routines have collapsed. We have to start from somewhere else.

As a place to start next, I propose 1837. Eighteen-thirty-seven, not 1867. Confederation was another half-measure. 1837 was not.

One rare sign of its importance in the designation it has received from the historians. With few exceptions they have done it as historical fact, an anniversary accident on the road to Responsible Government. And yet, at the same time, the most mild-mannered historians rave wildly when they come to Macdonald. He is the only Canadian in all years of history who gets a rise out of them. The most have been doing something right.

Eighteen-thirty-seven was a serious moment for national independence, one most important one so far. Its leaders knew the need for political and military organization and they had widespread popular support. In Ontario they held 350 meetings in the summer and fall of that year and enlisted thousands of supporters, more than 800 were recruited in the aftermath. Two were publicly hanged. Ninety-two were shipped to a prison colony in Van Diemen's Land (later named Tasmania). They failed, but they were no joke. Any self-respecting nation—say, China or the U.S.—would justify the cruelty of that people's army, not drink it.

Eighteen-thirty-seven was also the high point of French-English cooperation. Meetings in Ontario began with those chosen for Papineau and the brave French Canadians. They got together (the first and last time) in united struggle against a common enemy. Can you imagine three cheers for Quebec looking of a political rally anywhere in English Canada today?

The movement of 1837 never did mold into that dreamy dream of constitutional reforms and half-measures. It was killed on the spot, crushed by the imperial power of the time, so firmly that it has yet to regenerate. The proof is that we are and not independent. The issue remains as unsolvable today as it was then.

I asked some kids in a high-school cafeteria what they knew about 1837. "Eighteen-thirty-seven," they said. "No," I replied. "—1."

continued on page 66

When you complain about improper advertising, we do something about it. Fast. For example:

The case of the Magnetic Bracelet

From the files of the Advertising Standards Council

In an advertisement, a manufacturer claimed that his "magnetic bracelet" possessed therapeutic value for sufferers from various illnesses.

This is the advertising rule that was broken:

"No advertisement shall be prepared, or its knowingly accepted which offers false hope in the form of a cure or relief for the mentally or physically handicapped, either on a temporary or permanent basis."

Here's what we did about it, immediately.

As soon as the Advertising Standards Council received a consumer complaint about the advertisement we contacted the manufacturer and asked him for proof of his claims. We received no direct reply, but he very quickly dropped all reference in his advertising to therapeutic value. The bracelet is now sold as an ornament.

Keep this complaint notice.
Then if you see advertising that's dishonest or unfair, send it to us.

Advertising Standards Council COMPLAINT NOTICE

Product or Service _____
Date when/through reported _____
Where reported ☐ T.V. ☐ Newspaper ☐ Magazine
☐ Radio ☐ Bulletin ☐ List _____
Name of publication or station _____
Please describe the advertisement which is my concern inside the Complaint Advertising Standards Code form _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ Province _____

Advertising Standards Council, 159 Bay Street, Toronto 116, Ontario.

The Advertising Standards Council is a division of the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board. We work for better advertising.

"Give us a hint," they said.
 "Mackenzie," I said.
 "Mackenzie King!"
 I grinned.
 "Ah," said one "William Lyle MacKenzie."

But over in Quebec, a new high-school text titled *Canada Québec*. *Synthese* *Histoire* has a picture of five of 12 persons who were hanged in Montreal for their part in the *rebel* (no, not "rebellious") and it says there "In every country in the world, those who shed their blood for their homeland deserve to be known as patriots. A fine people knows how to commemorate its heroes."

At least they've made up their mind about where they stand on national independence. In December 1971, an Ontario foundation concerned with preserving the historic sites of the rebellion in Upper Canada staged a mock battle between the "rebels" and a militia unit, but they couldn't decide which were the good guys and which the bad.

At Mackenzie House in Toronto, elderly women serve tea for 75 cents and distribute frontier recipes. They show little blond girls from private schools Mackenzie's prammy and explain to tell them what he proved. The kids go home persuaded to rock with Lightfoot

and Jon Mitchell for their Canadians. Mackenzie was not our George Washington, our Gandhi or our Mao. He failed, but what can you do — he was the best we've had so far. When the country is finally free, it will be because we've had better heroes. In the meantime, as Dennis Lee says:

*Mackenzie was a crazy man,
 He was let us go, where
 He showed them lucky overcoat
 In case the bullet fire
 Mackenzie talked of fighting
 While the fight went down the shore
 But who will speak for Canada?
 Mackenzie, come again ■*

LAST COLLAGE from page 21

being returned. Furthermore, death is not a choice. Maybe for me. And maybe there's something else to come, something beyond death, I'll leave that open. There's certainly not much reason to make up my mind at this point, is there?

At last the disease starts to function. Mackenzie didn't do things a man should do; I couldn't open a wine bottle, I couldn't strike a match, I couldn't eat a tough steak, I couldn't move the gear lever in my car from park to reverse with ease hand.

Now I don't run. I will not be handicapped by a condition. Cathy's a nurse, and has firm ideas about what I can do, and what I can't, she makes me pour, lift, shake. Other things she does.

I see my children, my two girls, Jennifer and Lovell, 11 and eight years old. Not as often as I'd like, but then I could never see them as often as I'd have liked. They know I'm ill, but they don't know what I have, they don't know what it does. There's a lot of private pain associated with this, but so far that's the worst of it.

I keep their pictures in the apartment. Death is liberation.

I discovered I loved so many things and found so many new things to love. Good food, good paintings, I'd always lived well, without effort, but I love an differently lived well. Reducing life to essentials.

I would never have met Cathy without the Or perhaps I'd had, if I'd been the same man. I was before, I would never have met her as she is, she'd have been another pretty girl with dark hair and a smile.

My painting changed, the colors became lighter, the shapes less yoked. I'd always painted from the inside of my head, and the propensity of that place had changed.

Cathy says I can paint again, if I try. Maybe I'll stop the brush in my waist, if I have to.

New friends, and the love of some people who had been friends, but

couldn't handle my illness. It seems it's almost thankful to die, as though you were a coexistence of life.

Topic: I can't stay on the periphery forever. Sooner or later I will have to step over the line and let my deepest thoughts come to the surface. They erupt and won't be denied. Like everything else, they need room to breathe. They will have their way.

Well, that's what this is months later. Then I thought I'd have to start thinking, now I am thinking. It isn't as hard as I was afraid it might be.

Part of the frustration is that the disease is always with me, not a sharp pain that comes and goes, but a constant gentle upon, running along my body. It's almost ludicrous. It's as though I were losing heat, slowly becoming a distance. A reminder from my actual enjoy yourself, friend, listen to music, drink wine, talk with friends, were here with you, all the time.

The topics are memoranda of signals not received. I'm a victim of bad signaling.

They don't know much about motor neuron disease. That sounds vague, but everything about the disease is vague, including the symptoms. It almost always affects people between forty and sixty, but God alone knows what sets it off — a latent virus, perhaps, like why? How?

Maybe somebody will come up with something I'd be a damned fool to count on it.

My future is indefinite, so I think about the past and live in the present. Memories: a girl in Reno, Nevada, who supplied me with an idyllic summer. My cottage north of Toronto, where I keep my pupils.

I've never been around anybody with a serious illness, my father died, very suddenly, but it was too fast to think about. I'll be the first person I know to die. Intentioning.

"I contemplated that I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet." I once met a man who was rafting from

a terrible degenerative disease. He couldn't swim. I was heading toward a fall of energy, he lay there, saying no. You can live for 20 years with something like he has, just a pair of eyes in a coffin. Both Thank God it's not that, anyway.

This is all a very delicate business, not to write about death? I hope I don't offend anybody. Somebody accused me of being on an "ego trip." Well, who the hell is more entitled to have an ego, and to take trips with it? After mature consideration, I have concluded that I am a good man, worthy of love and friendship. Is it any wonder I want to explain such an excellent fellow while there's still time?

I said almost all my paintings, but then called some of them back, to photograph them. Strange to see them again. I can't think, really, of anything different that I would do any of these, say mistakes I would correct. I've changed so much lately that they were done by someone else. I hope I'm a brother I like them, though. They're not bad. They're really not bad.

Topic: An actual one, with just a few my feelings on cancer. No longer able, I cannot to write. A journal is no longer possible. What I can do is live. Now I write about what I feel and want.

John B. Parkins, 45, five-foot-eight, 170 pounds, brown eyes, brown hair (graying), painter, writer, optical salesman, traveler who will never go to all the places he wanted, husband, father, lately loved.

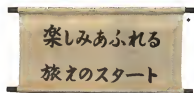
Consequently all this is critically revised. Perhaps you can't make a work of art out of a thing like this. But I'm trying to, that's the only purpose I have.

Perhaps it's even postscript to do with your mouth open, talking about what you see. To send messages until the very end. Maybe it's one day, world? Look at me! I'm doing something that's really interesting!

I hope not judge for yourselves. I have things I love, people I love, and I'm not afraid. ■

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GREAT DINES *from page 32*

him; he will have to take care of the child
as much as I do. But it's hard to find
a man who will accept that. No matter
how much a man says he agrees with
women's liberation, when they must give
more of themselves than just creating the
children, the whole thing breaks down.

Women will become something very special soon, on the same way blacks have, by refusing to be half-human beings. Women have been half-people too. They are! are Liza Minnelli, Vanessa Williams a great woman just, but maybe she had something special to say with her life and not just about the needs of minorities children. Nobody will ever know. Women are beautiful. We don't exploit what we have. We can achieve more equality than men.

I'd like to see some plays about women by women. Plays by men provide a glimpse of women, but it's not women. Men always will write me (their) first love; and that annoys me so much. Like that movie I was in by Gilles Caron, Les Mille. It was a fantasy about "Wouldn't it be nice if a young girl who looks so innocent wasn't really innocent at all?"

I'm not trying to be like anybody else
I don't want to be like my mother or Eric
Singer or Beavis or the German
Giver because that's already been done
Let's see what I'm going to do. It's more
fun like this, with no patterns to follow

"I don't know if you like *Gorgeous* Green but I think she's something very special, because she acts like a man but in a womanly way. She'll say she's menstruating right on an interview which is something. You think, 'Oh my God, what is she saying there?' Yet a man is accepted no matter how fairly he speaks. There are no taboos for men. And then you realize, yet she's still single, she's sexy, she can talk like that and she's not dead, she's just real."

What we have to find out now is if women can find beautiful when they're old. Like a man does. So for that I'll finally tell the same old story. Someone at Benetton has to put up with the fact that Jean-Paul Sartre is going out with young girls. I'd like to see if that can ever change. ■



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PLATE 1

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"Mama's a Honeybee saddle, made in Fredricksburg, Oregon, about 1853. I got it seven years ago. My uncle told me about this saddle for sale, and I went over to look at it. I knew the minute I saw it that it was the one I wanted — even before I tried it on. I paid \$175 for it. I could probably sell it for \$200 now."

The first event of the afternoon is the Indian buffalo ride. Behind the barbed-chrome stands a Blackfoot boy, perhaps 16, all tugged out in red leggings and bone necklace, bare-chested in his great grandfather's used-to-be. The Indian boy sits his hat down on his folded shirt. "You watch my things for me?" "Sure," I tell him.

When he has changed there is nothing to do but stand there behind the chute and wait. His buffalo looks the mortal bars a couple of times, and seems to jerk straight up.

I say, "That ain't a competition! They just pay you a flat fee for riding!"

"Yah. They pay me \$100." He says it as though it were a great deal of money.

"For one side?"

"For the week, I mean."

The calf comes, and he climbs the chair, and lowers himself onto the buffalo, clambering with his legs, and takes the first hold with both hands on the same angle. He looks straight ahead, but his mouth is drawn down and the lower half of his face shakes convulsively. His eyes seem to glow, for with a sort of fear, but finally with terrible pride, almost an exultation, "Let 'er go!" he says. But the moment passes, and they don't wait 'er go, and he still has to sit there and wait 'er go. You can almost see the orange drink away. Then the horn blows, and the chairs clink together. The buffalo leaps out with a force that seems to leave the boy's body limp. The arena is suddenly filled with kicking buffalo and their youthful riders.

In a book I have there is an old photograph of the prairie in winter, with the carcasses of several buffalo lying in the snow. The man who shot them is seen taking the hide of one of them. When I look at that picture I am filled with a strange melancholy, as if it recalls to me images that I have never seen. I sense a progression of events almost as keenly as if I had lived them.

The last days of the buffalo signaled the world of the cowboy, with his 10,000 cattle. Now the cattle too have gone from the plain — moved into feed yards. And the cowboy, by juddering much ground to a changing world, has disap-

agent to avoid extinction, just as the buffalo did. But again like the buffalo, he is rarely seen in his natural setting. From the wide, lonely prairie, he has moved into the arena surrounded by thousands of people. He spends too little time on a horse than he did in a car, traveling between rodeos. He doesn't work for \$30 a month all found. If he wins, he's paid handsomely — sometimes more than \$500 for one go-round, and as much as \$2,000 for first prize money. But if he's hurt or sick so he can't compete or if he doesn't win, it's all lost time and glory.

"My dad can ride. He's been a longshoeman for 15 years, I guess, but he rode before the war — and after. In fact, he rode a bronc last year, rode two of 'em, and stuck 'em too."

Mal Hyland, the winner of '72, is quietly determined to become saddle horse champion of the world. He now

born champion of the world his peers call him "the kid from Edmonton." That was his birth name. That was 24 years ago, and he's been a cowboy all his life. When most kids play cowboy on their lawns, Mill played on the Calgary Stampede grounds. He made a regular habit of going to the Stampede every week out of the year. He'd become a real full-time cowboy. He used to break horses for other kids. When he was eight he rode a pony named "Buck" and he was the first to ride the Clowdette flat room. At nine, he competed in the boys' steer riding at the Calgary Stampede. He began riding in the middle fence when he was 13, and he won the first prize in the middle fence at the Little Bear rodeo, took the Canadian Amateur Saddle Horse title at age 13, and the next year his brother, a professional, won Canadian Saddle Horse Champion. He was a great rider, and he's been the World's Champion. He's placed among the top four at three of the last four years. This time-around, he's second. The rule is the top of the fence is the best. It's not so easy of a thing to be a champion cowboy.

"When I was about 12 we had a little black mare which liked to buck. I rode her for a while, and then let her be the owner of the corral until she was reared. Then she came more. I've told you that — and this time. We've both improved. She bucked better than she ever did, and I ride better."

Mal runs his pack every working day, but has no real aspirations, just around home in a '78 Ford pickup as a '93 Mercury frame, wondering whether to buy a Cadillac or a camper to travel in, spends a good deal of time promoting his favorite sport, left high school at age 16, but has earned close to \$20,000 a year since then. Though he is one of the top horse riders in the world, Mal is perhaps unknown to 80% of Canadians.

*"I lived on a horse when I was a kid
Delivered papers on a horse. Played
on a horse. Rode in hot races. At*

Clareville when I was about 12 I rode a showgirl that my dad and I had trained. There were races on Saturday and Monday. Dad told me that if I beat either one of them, he'd give me the horse. On Saturday we won by five lengths. Mom! There was tears in my eyes when I crossed the finish line. Shorty was mine. And we won again on Monday.

"Love," a blackwoman driver saw Shorty run and wanted to buy him for one of her admirers. I told him he didn't have enough money. But my uncle said, "You should never let this

attached to an animal.' I finally sold him the £150."

From the first show in January until a National Finals Rodeo staged in Oklahoma City during early December, it is doing one of three things: competing, traveling, or waiting. Since he is in actual competition is measured in weeks, that means many hours spent traveling, and some two days on end of show.

There are boys who ride very well, but they don't want to be world champions. They don't want to give what is

continued on page 16

Good taste.



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THE FINNISH WELCOME

BY D. H. FULLERTON
Hospitality at 230 degrees



Books told us about the fine architecture of Finland, the amazingly planned cities, the great forests and the many lakes — yes, and the forests, too. All these we had expected and found during our visit last day. It was the unexpected happenings — and the people themselves — that made our Finnish trip so memorable for my wife and me.

It was there for a specific purpose to see how the Finns handled problems of rapid urban growth, and in particular how they planned new towns. So I have no doubt that the warmth of our reception was stimulated by the fact that we were not only expected but had come under good auspices. Just the same, how does one account for the hospitality of Olavi and his wife, Anni, who gave up a precious early summer Sunday to drive 150 miles, pick us up and take us to their summer home (with its old and rather rare smoke sauna)? And this was only one of a series of kindnesses which convinced us that there are people with a natural and unobscured desire to make strangers welcome.

If that had been enough to make us feel at home, the Finnish countryside alone would have. At every turn in the road one sees a magnificent corner of the Oksanen farm, a Quaker lake, a Nova Scotia coastline. It is no wonder to a kind of Canadian day vs. bright on, more than anything else, by the people themselves.

selves, nearly five million of them. I suspect each of us has seen imagined pictures of a high-chested, fairly short, muscular man who is the stereotyped Finn. But if any of us is walking down the main streets of Helsinki, the capital, to ever again think of Finn except as a people very much like ourselves. In other Scandinavian countries there are a multitude of recognizable blond Swedes, Norwegians or Danes — but the Finn seems almost as diversified in their ethnic origins in Scandinavia, and their appearance reflects it.

And there's another area of interest to many Canadians — bilingualism. Finland, before the 19th century, was part of the Kingdom of Sweden and, at one time, Swedish was both the official language and that of business and the elite. But for a number of good reasons (one of which wasn't its complexity) the Finnish language came increasingly into use and the Swedish population and language declined until, in the mid-19th century, the two groups nearly came to blows on the language question.

So, Finnish? Listen to the compromise that evolved. Finnish and Swedish are both official languages in government bodies, including the courts. Both are taught in all secondary schools, and required for every one most jobs in the public service. All street signs and place names are in both languages where the Swedish minority is at least 10% of the local population — at a minimum 5,000 people, or where special circumstances dictate it is as if Finland were bridging the wide differences between the two languages, for example, Helsinki's ancient former capital and third largest city, Turku, is called Åbo in Swedish. And considering that those of Swedish ancestry in Finland only 7% of the population, the acceptance of this compromise by the majority group is a remarkable thing for a Canadian to contemplate. And if the Finns are not so about it, they certainly disagree it well. I heard no complaints.

Foreign languages seem to come easily to Finns (as to other Scandinavians), or their schooling in them is more concentrated. Most educated people we met spoke at least four, spent time in the almost obligatory Swedish language in the English-speaking area of the province. German is the preferred third language, Russian is also gaining ground, for the obvious reasons of proximity and volume of trade.

Which brings us to another interesting facet of Finnish character: their attitude toward the Soviet Union. The scars of the 1939-40 winter war, and the 1944 Finnish withdrawal, are still deep. Defeated Finland lost much of its Karelian province and its coastline to the Soviet state. Peninsulas to the Russians, along with its second largest city, Vyborg (Viborg)

The 400,000 Finns in the ceded territory were given 48 hours to get out — taking only what they could carry. The Russian exacted a high price in reparations, and the Finn paid.

If, therefore, love of Russia is not a noticeable Finnish trait — even among Finnish Communists — the general attitude toward the Soviet Union is strictly correct. Perhaps they look across the Gulf of Bothnia at what happened to Estonia — all the while remembering what has happened in every other country in Europe bordering the Soviet Union — and realize that things could have been worse. Indeed, when one Finnish leader in that area the day after the war, he said: "The one common response is pride — pride in how they fought the Russians in the war, how they survived the postwar darkness, and how today they are an independent nation. And independent they are. Though 25% of the 200 seats in their legislature are held by their Communist party, governments are frequently changing, coalitions of middle to left-wing parties."

For all their pride in acceptance, when the Finns look across the Karelian border they see one of the two great world powers, one with an awesome capacity for waging war. It is not surprising, then, that they are cautious about saying or doing anything that would offend the sleeping Russian bear. The Russians, in their turn, have shown a surprising tolerance of independent little Finland — maybe because of their own aversion to Finnish toughness in battle, or the reluctance of the Finns to cooperate fully with the Germans during the war, or simply because they sense that the Finns' strict neutrality is just as good a guarantee of the Soviet-Karelian border as a puppet Communist state of Poland would be.

If the Finns adopt a correct stance toward the Soviets, they are not slow to slip up when at the Russians' expense. One I most recall is the winning of a Grand Prix Frenchman, and a Russian in the Leipzig trade fair, they found they had one thing in common, much older wives. The German defended his choice on his fiancé's housekeeping abilities, the Frenchman on his wife's talent in bed, and the Russian — well, his wife had seen Lenin alive!

But I digress. If said that we saw evidence on all sides of good Finnish architecture and design, and its summary of the character of Finland that must have a prominent place. For generations, the Finns have encouraged architectural experimentation, and Finnish architects have a beautifully high status in their society. Diversity in Helsinki, for example, is seen in the variety of the architect's name — Skanska's Railway Station, or Aalto's Concert Hall. Toronto's

city hall, by Viljo Revell, attests to the capacity of Finnish architects to break loose from traditional modes.

The industrial, however, is not forgotten, the Finn work hard to preserve their relatively few old buildings. The Helsinki city hall was completely rebuilt inside at a cost of millions of dollars, but no one change was made in the facade or external appearance.

The Finnish architectural presence not only manifests itself in a profusion of beautiful buildings but is reflected in their advances in urban planning. One of these is the garden city of Tapiola, a lovely planned community close to Helsinki. It is directly the object of pilgrimage by city planners from all over the world. Tapiola blends housing for all income groups and of all styles, from simple family units to high-rise, into a parklike environment. Tapiola is put in its place, and a tremendous effort has been made to build a town dedicated to man and his home life, his leisure and his recreation.

In looking at Tapiola, we can see how hard work we in Canada are at our planning of our new cities and towns. And this is one reason why Finland has so much to offer visiting Canadians. The many superficial similarities that exist between Finland and Canada — the climate, the topography, the people, and the proximity to a great world power — all make the differences fall more sharply into focus.

But that is no reason a note on which to stop you to visit and enjoy the Finns and the warm hospitality of the Finns. I hope you can manage, in we did, to have a stress at a country house. Have the sauna's 110- to 230-degree dry heat. Breathe through your mouth in the winter splashed on the hot waves become instant steam. These plunges into the ice-cold lake — and get out of it in the minute before the residual warmth of the steam washes completely from your body! And as you drink your beer with your Finnish friends in the relaxed atmosphere, you will begin to understand one more reason why the tough northern nation has survived so long. ■

How to go, where to stay

There are 14 gateways to Finland in the Helsinki region. At the moment, the fluctuations have to do with season of the year and the duration of your stay. Examples of fares to Helsinki, return, from Vancouver: \$812 (low season), 14 to 20-day air excursion; or \$269 (low season), 22 to 45-day air excursion. Toronto: \$508 and \$277 for the same low season packages. Montreal: \$471 and \$256. Check with an airline or travel agent. Helsinki's hotels are good but mainly in the city centre are double room costs \$25 to \$40 per night. (Once again a travel agent can advise about advance reservations.)

Why would you want a more expensive car?

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MEL HYLAND (continued)

reads in time and travel, and what you mix."

The world's championship is decided by a cowboy's score for the year — each dollar of prize money in worth one point. When the championship, end-of-the-year rodeo was held at Madison Square Gardens, it was a sudden-death contest, decided then or there. Some people would like to see that method of choosing the champ revived. If it is changed, Mel hopes that he will be able to look back and know that he won the title when it represented a year of effort, rather than one good week when it occurred most.

"I don't drink, as I started playing the guitar and singing at parties, but for something to do. Now I sing again a bit. I've wrote a few songs, and I try to make them about something that I really feel."

The songs he has written, when he sings them, have a rough-hewn authenticity which is wholly convincing. In one called *Rodeo Cowboy* he sums up the kind of life he lives, and the goals he works for. This is the first verse:

*I'm a rodeo cowboy in the R.C.A.,
Riding saddle horses to earn my pay.
Here is he the champion of the world
some day.*

And another 'em all

"Rodeo Cowboy" Association

By and small

*From Calgary.....Dorset.....to
Ottawa*

That day Mel looks like an Australian sheep dog — one eye light, and one dark. He puffed a contented lens in the arena the other day, as he has to use which's left of two eyes — one turned and one clear. Until it's hat time up, he's around the backing chutes, helping his competitors saddle their horses. Occasionally he has a word for the nervous "Reins — hold your feet in that one off a back. Don't jerk them out like that."

"Double with kids today — they can't even ride a saddle horse. They got no feel for the horse. When I was six my dad put me a Steinfeld, but he didn't get me a saddle right away. He made me ride bareback. I learned how to feel a horse through the rest of my years, and that helps when you're young to get topped in a horse on the first jump out of the chute."

A cowboy calls to him. "Hey, Big Red! We got Red Gold today!" "Yak."

"Too bad." Red Gold is a ringer, but sometimes he backs. Mel hopes he backs today — he'll need a good score to overcome the 55 he posted Friday.

Mel will be judged on a scale of one to 25, depending on his control of the nine-second ride, his style, and how he opens. At the same time, and using the

same scale, the judges will score Red Gold on his ability to throw his rider. Two judges then, scoring both horse and man, make a possible 100. Mel's best ever is an 86 at Chryseum in 1967.

"I guess one of the highlights for me this year was when I won a couple of cowboy colts in an exhibition rodeo at a Stampede football game. Anywhere in Canada. Just my mother was a war bride, and I'm trying to get Dad to see 'em — take her back for a ride to her home in Holland."

A few girls mingle with the cowboys — slender pretty girls in thigh-boggling jeans, boots and leg tics. There are worse, too, tall slim and pretty, but a little older, some with a miniature cowboy in tow.

"Big Red!" I got that name on account of an Indian who got cleaned every time he came out of the chute. One day I got showed, and a couple of the guys started calling me "Big Red." I just shook."

In the chute, Red Gold is waiting for him. Mel loops his own soft-woven rope into the halter the Stampede has provided, and gently nips Red Gold's snuffling hind.

"I was really pleased when Winston Bruce called and asked me to narrate at the Rodeo College here. I thought we had completely different riding

styles, but working together at the college, we got along fine. I have been two years now, for a couple of weeks in April."

Mel starts the saddle over the top of the chute and onto Red Gold's back, setting it high on the withers. I ask, "You have to saddle them, yourself?" "I wouldn't have it any other way." With a long piece of belt sure he takes under Red Gold's belly for the cinch.

"The hardest thing to teach is 'keeping topped.' But if you don't get the feet of the horse the first jump or two out of the chute, it's probably too late. Get 'em topped, then try to stay ahead of your horse — watch for flies."

At the same time, another man is fastening the flank strap around Red Gold's body at the point where his belly meets his hind legs. The big horse steps back and forth nervously.

"The thing that makes a horse harder to ride is panic."

Winston Bruce, dressed in Saville Row Western, nods his horse beside the chute. "Who's that, Ray?" he asks, smiling at Mel. He knows well enough who it is. This is himself 30 or 12 years ago — a kid from Canada training for the crown of the cowboy world. Bruce was it in 1965. Now he's Arena Director, and given high marks by the cowboys for the calibre of his show.

"When you're breaking a horse, you ride him till he won't buck any more. Finally he knows that bucking doesn't do any good. But three hours back for one second, and then it's back to the saddle, is if they like to buck it's a good life for a horse. Out of the arena they're just like other horses. Many of them are pets."

Mel stretches the halter rope back across the top of the saddle. He inserts with his left and two extended thumbs behind the back of the pommel, to determine exactly how much rope to give his bronze. Then, holding the place on the rope firmly, he double-knots by passing it over Red Gold's head and securing a handle on his eye. Satisfied, he pulls a strand of mane and tucks it into the rope at the place he has marked.

"My mother's bring room is full of empty saddles. I think I've got seven now, but most of them are the right size. I'll probably have to buy me a riding saddle. After I snap that Winston's Champion buckle on my belt — this year, or next, or the one after, or whenever — I want to go in for roping and barrel racing, and try for all-around cowboy."

Mel nods a sort of slow march up and down the sled behind the chutes, occasionally kicking his foot in a swift spurring motion, at the same time resting his

head against an imaginary halter rope. It's sort of like a man clucking his head just before he goes into the ring, or a baseball player swinging a bat in the on-deck circle.

"We were at the National Finals in Oklahoma City. I thought it was a night event, so we were lying down in the hotel room at the afternoon when somebody played and told the show was starting. There was a \$100 bet for making the grand entry, and I was spaced to carry the Canadian flag. Man, we were running out of light. I jumped on the brakes just outside the arena, left my dad to park the camper, hopped a horse and rode out in just as the band started to play. It was plain luck we didn't plough somebody. I'll live in such a hurry. I got my cowboy boots in the wrong eye, and for an hour I wondered why everybody was laughing. I'm the laugh of the herd for a while."

At one moment he seems completely preoccupied and alone, then he stops to chat with a friend.

"You got to take that hunger. Your legs stretch till your heels are high in the seat. Then you bring them all the way back to the spur rub but not clear to the middle skirt. If you'll do that, and you're in rhythm with every count on page 18

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MEL HYLAND continued

jump, you'll make a 25 ride. That's the perfect ride. You'll never make it, but you should try for it."

It's time. He climbs over the chest, and straddles Red Gold, his feet resting on the ribs above the horse's body. Then he lowers himself to the saddle and pushes his boots as far into the stirrups as they will go. He pulls his hat down, takes the rope at the place he marked, raises it in his left hand until it's overhead high, sinks deeper into the saddle, leans back, almost submerges his chin in his chest. His whole body is taut. He doesn't speak. He doesn't even nod — it's more of an up-and-down shiver of his head. He keeps that foot steady on the chest.

The chair swings wide. Red Gild is off, straight across the infield, like a moonstruck out of the starting gate. Surely when he blows he'll explode off over the arena. But there is no explosion. At the fence he breaks aside, turns, and then starts to track. Mal is flailing his arms, but with little effect. The horn blows. The ride is over. And so, unquestionably, is Mel's chance to be in the money at Calvary.

But then, while he is still walking back to the chutes, the judge announces a rule for him. He almost does curveback in front of the grandstand, but he doesn't have time for that. The afternoon is almost over, and he must pick up his gear, saddle his re-ride mount, and be ready to go.

"When you're fighting for top place you only think of one thing. The race. If you worry about how the other fellow has done, or what he's going to do, you might as well forget it. You go out of that chute, there's only one thing on your mind."

This time it's a horse called Apple Juice — a rangy pink pinger that makes you think of Old Strawberry Rose. Mal knows him from days gone by. Maybe he has a chance after all. No instantly prepackaged the time. Horse, better, saddle, flank strap, oar, cowboy Ready. J. C. Bonine, front runner for the world this summer, is at Apple Juice's head, coaxing him.

Mei: "Do they want me to go, or not?"

Not. Out on the track a horse race is just starting. Though fat the road just the horse racing and the rodeo awaits each in different worlds — almost different dimensions — the infield action is stopped during the actual running of one of the races. Men sit back on top of the chute. At this point, two more examples of writing term like a week

"Someday I'd like a ranch, maybe up west of Giddi somewhere. That's pretty country. Horse-like fancy. Just a small place with good grass and water, a house and a white fence. Maybe before I get married. . . . Course, if I marry."



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CBC RADIO

MEL HYLAND continues

the right job, I won't wait for that." A much sad wife, and someone a son who perhaps will be a horse hunter too. His dream has been around as long as there have been cowboys, but in Mel it finds the kind of human dimension to make it possible one more time.

"I guess that's something I've always wanted — to say 'Look at that great life's mine'!"

The race is over. The excitement of the event is probably nothing to what Mel is feeling by now, but he keeps it all under his skin. Cool, into the middle. Back hand high. Then down. Then out.

Chin in. That shivery nod.

Shoe!

Apple Juice flows, right out of the chute. He lands with a jolt that rolls him inside. His square, dark frumpy of his horses, the shiver of steaming boiler, the rack of his great body are awesome as an avalanche. And there sits Mel in the middle of it, serene now, absorbed, working at the job he does best. Somebody shouts, "Charge, Bull Charge Charge!"

Mel's eyes flash like pinwheels. For all Apple Juice's desperate lunge, the ride is highly anyone. You could almost

see it to mean.

The horse bleats. The pickup runs into it and out Mel on the ground. Almost at once, it seems, the man with the little blackboard points his nose. Or

Mel harnes from the vehicle, and I find him behind the blackboard. As soon as he speaks, I see the cool has blown. The ride is over. The curtain falls. The cowboy shakes with rage and disappointment. "It's damn, damn damn! You give it everything you've got."

He needed a 75, at least. Perhaps he earned it, but the judges didn't think so. And as a few moments he's defending them, epitomizing, "Maybe they saw something. I guess it looked that way to them." The other cowboys come around, talking about the ride.

"I love the sport."

Mel gets gay money for second place, about \$750, and that's all he takes home from the Calgary Stampede. But there are still almost 50 riders to go before the end of the season. Fifty rodeos. Fifty thousand miles in a car. How far can he go on a bucking horse?

Afterward, Mel Hyland of Surrey, BC, took the 1972 world title (once title in Oklahoma City with winnings for the year of \$26,812 — and Calgary, which must be Canadian rodeo capital if rank is thing count), noted the event with one line inscribed in the back of the afternoon paper: What was it Mel said? "You give it everything you've got." ■



...the Big Move!

The big move by ship our mountain-side and winter across the Atlantic from the old world to settle in the new.

Your big move in the way may be full of adventures. You see, here the excitement of changing your lifestyle and seasonal recreation is brought right into your arms with the facilities of modern transport systems. Allow the pleasure of these in speed to take any present-day conditions (such as weather or mail) on play. Oh, yes, before that big move, look in the Yellow Pages for the Allied express which handles the people here from to help you. Preparation of colour drawings are available in sets of three, 11" x 17" (1971), based on 10 to 15 years of experience and available to Allied Van Lines, Dept. 111, 11100 Highway 10, Scarborough, Ontario.



CHEZ US

WE AND MEL, HE'S BEING NERVOUS about to travel to see Father Koryak, but she won't leave. On their way back they stopped at Tyler's and they were gone in a flash.

THE CALGARY NEWS, Sunday Nov.

A DRUNKEN LUTHERAN MINISTER who for a decade made a living as a preacher and served as a member of the House of Commons has been found \$100 and some and had his driver's license suspended for six months. Officers in a RCMP operation are now looking for the man at 121 p.m. July 20. They followed him for a week — drinking the beer at 30 miles an hour — then stopped him to let him turn onto a side street. Margaret Robert, 40, said she was a suggestion that the man be forced to let his wife with a push mower for six months but he refused it was the most unusual case he's seen while on the bench.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, Nov. 1972

CORRECTION: THE STORY CARRIED in Friday's edition of the *Western News* incorrectly said that local officials felt the number of local people killed for the beerhouse was not a good percentage. The true figure should have said the opposite.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, Nov. 1972

HONOLULU: WHO MIGHTED their daily copy of the *Western News* Thursday night were probably wondering what the editor had to say about the story. The oil to introduce a new product of San Paper in the job he called for several other and we were glad to oblige. The other, although not ever pointing, did reach the other pages of the paper adding to the rest of the news.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, Nov. 1972

TO WRITE IT MAY CORRECTION: The story would all deny my self may cause and will gladly accept them for years to come. ■ *Western News* INDIVIDUAL SIGN

CARROLL RICHARD, PART PARTNER of the Canadian Book Publishers' Council, gave a good and clear definition of a Canadian in *Korner's* 28 p.m. "A Canadian is someone who drinks beer from the bottle, and who is a French person, but who is a French person, having just come from an Italian movie in his German car. He picks up his Japanese pen and writes in his MP no complaint about the American take-over of the Canadian publishing business."

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, Nov. 1972

There is only one liqueur in all this world that says the things you want to say.

The French have a word for it.



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ASKED ABOUT
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Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938
Q. What help does the child receive?

from my support? A la contraindicación para el gran poder, such as India, you give provide solid support for a child. In other countries your sponsoring gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with relatives.

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VITAMIN E (continued)

boiled so much faster than the others that they were treated with a tie.

"The reason other people didn't get good results with it was that the dosage they used was way below the efficacious level," he told me. "I never started on anything with less than 1,200 units. If someone hasn't tried vitamin E, he can't be an authority, but it's those people who are making it no good."

Dr. John MacKenzie confirms that alpha-tocopherol is great for burns, which heal faster and the skin is left soft and pliable. And a 1968 French study found alpha-tocopherol effective — sometimes spectacularly so — in treatment of whooping cough.

But the big question is whether or not alpha-tocopherol — vitamin E — helps people with heart disease. A physician can't say Dr Stone thinks he and his brother have been vindicated, but to verify that would require about two years of reading by someone qualified to assess scientific papers. He would run across many papers that say vitamin E

inches. He would also run across one by Drs V R O'Connor and J P S Hodges in England, who describe treating 350 patients for eight years for conditions

"Our final conclusion," they reported in 1955, "is that after 30 years' experi-

ness in both medicine and surgery, we believe that alpha-tocopherol treatment of cardiovascular and renal diseases, as suggested by Drs. E. V. Shore and W. E. Shore, is one of the greatest medical discoveries of the century."

Carlton Fredericks, a California nuttologist, wrote in his book *Food Fats and Follaries* that he has observed "tremendous benefits" from treatments and that his medical colleagues have reported on vitamin E's usefulness in lowering coronary artery, stroke, and

Now a Canadian doctor who is not a disciple of the Seneb brothers has taken on a project to prove or disprove scientifically the effectiveness of vitamin E in treatment of heart disease. Dr T W Anderson of the University of Toronto

has designed his project to determine whether or not the vitamin reduces angina pectoris, the pain heart disease victims get from an insufficient supply of oxygen to the heart muscle. Proponents of the vitamin have claimed that vitamin E saves arteries in short order.

Ironically, one of the problems was finding enough patients for his project, which began in 1979. "I was a little out of touch," says Anderson. "I had a lot of patients, but I didn't know how to use them."

YOUR VIEW from page 12

started up by Ontario Hydro and is expected to produce a few hundred non-heavy water in 1973. That information would be a damn fine background to your story about Robert Stokings fixin' the problems that have beset the Glace Bay operation.

R. K. BAE, WEST RIVER, ONT.

Footnotes

I am writing to draw your attention to certain inaccuracies contained in *The Fostering Graduate* by James Park (October).

The article states that "this year the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education surveyed graduating students from three of the province's largest universities, among other things, their views of the relation between education and the labor market." This statement is then supplemented by a number of comments attributed to students responding to the survey.

In fact, the study referred to was not conducted by OISE but by this writer as a contracted project for the Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario. It was subsequently published as a monograph under my name. The statement that a survey of the province's

The opinions of students quoted in the article were not gathered by me or

In addition to the numerous errors of fact I have referred to, I should also point out that the material was used without any reference to the principal investigator and without the permission

EDWARD B. BARRY, CHAIRMAN, DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY IN EDUCATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Both sides now

I am attending college in the United States and Morison's is my best source of information on Canada. I don't always agree with the articles, which is why I wish to direct my praise specifically to *Your View*. My roommates and myself have subscriptions to five major Canadian and American newspapers and Morison's has the largest reader scene of all. Not only is your let-

Congratulations on a job well done.
KEITH W. ANDERSON TAPER ALTA ■

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Congratulations on a job well done.
 ERIK W. ANTERSON TAPER ALTA ■

2820 Dr. Joseph Blvd. E., Montreal, Q.C. H3T 2C4 Tel: 514-393-2121

Doctor: "Excuse me nurse, I have to go up and see a life."
Nurse: "TV'll tell ya what, Doc, pre the patient's a break and say here."
 It had to be a joke that the little man in white coats were coming to get you. Too late. They're here. A few more medical shows and they'll have to carry an off to the place we used to call the ivory tower. That was the word we used when hospitals were still places of terror and sickness was a genuine agony. Sickness is public now. Lousy bugs are called medical crises and the dance of death is gracefully performed by elegant people in white coats. It's not so bad when you can do it on TV.

I wonder what happens to people admitted to medical shows when they go to a real hospital and find themselves in a lousy pain room attended by a fat doctor with hairy fingers and a cobby nurse who swears her iron grey hair rolled up in a bun. Am the surprised by the past and the egoism and the rudeness? Do they cry out in terror along with us? "Where are you, Marcus Welby, MD?" Dr. Welby of course is out on a house call. Dr. Welby is the only doctor in North America who still makes house calls. There he is, sitting benignly by the patient's bedside, his face a study of compassion in his eyes that look as a really isn't so bad after all. Dr. Welby's bedside manner is the secret of his success. Combining the lily-white charm of the small town GP with the intellectual arrogance of the city hospital. Marcus Welby, MD (CTV - Tuesday 10 p.m.) is high point, father confessor, confidant and savior. The clergyman is discredited in a pagan society (it's the medicine man who holds the power of life and death).

Dr. Welby bears a striking resemblance to the figure of Death in Ingmar Bergman's movie, a few persons go with a ritual daily (tea and long drink while the patient has visions in chertal games). Medical shows are in fact ceremonial games descended from 16th-century anatomy plays which used to be performed in the village square. Simple and vulgar, the plays were intended not just to entertain but to instruct and to enforce a standard of conduct by striking the fear of hellfire into the gaudiest audience. The TV medical shows replace the dogma of the church with the ritual of disease, the doctors deliver themselves of diagnostic lectures and the horror of death is held behind the sacrament of the operating table. The medical shows make no attempt to entertain. Marcus Welby, Emergency!, Medical Center, Police Surgeon are all alike with interchangeable characters and scripts. The hospital is Heaven, a sunny, pleasant place where bloodless patients float about in white nightgowns



Marcus Welby, MD

The Ritual Of Disease, The Dance Of Death

swirling sweetly with suffering. Like angels in long white coats, the doctors clomp the corridors searching for souls with their stethoscopes suspended by a chain of beads of pearls or stars. Hell, of course, is the real world, the world of pain and disaster from which people are rescued by the haying hands of pillow vans and rescue wagons.

The popularity of the medical disease reflects a consuming American fascination with the style and form of death. Westerners served for a while, but the cowboy myth of the showdowns in back rooms on Main Street no longer works in a complex urban society. Westerns are fading from TV. Gunsmoke is the only one left, aside from the late movies and the occasional late Ramsey special. Cop-and-robber shows have taken their place but many people find them too bloody and brutal, too far removed from the gleeful and respectable violence of suburban life. Police Surgeon (CTV - Saturday, 7:30 p.m.) and Emergency! (syndicated by MCA Inc.) combine crime with the scenic bloodbaths of the hospital. Science Welby sends more of the fastest hands, which will probably be the case of Robert Young's next hit series.

THIS MONTH'S SHOWS

Letting up as it happens: CBC radio Mon-Fri, 9:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Watch for Return of Monte Python's Flying Circus: CBC Month 22, 9 p.m. Tennessee Williams South: CBC Month 18, 9:30 p.m. Anne Murray Special: CBC Month 20, 9 p.m. Oscar Nelson's Straight Flush: CBC April 8, 9:30 p.m. Doctor Jack Pear

Michael Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.

For people who aren't turned on by sickness. The medical melodramas are in decline.
Fisher (thinking back to her): "Doctor, do you think he'll live?"

Doctor (giving into nature): "We'll do everything we can for your son. You'll just have to wait."

Fisher: "Thank you, sir."

Doctor, giving to nature: "You know, nurse days I'm glad I ate all those power bar sandwiches to get through medical school."

They have already produced a satire, a weird little show called *Temperatures*. Among syndicated by Screen Gems starring a flock of hard-boiled nurses and a pzy black doctor. It goes off some good lines, like the exchange which appears at the head of this column, but the show is too hysterical and fanciful to be a serious put-down.

Only comedians are able to laugh at the beepas button, for most believe, the cardboard characters are full of meaning and the medical games progress with significance. The home-grown of suspense and electrocardiograms is a kind of folk music. It's important that the ritual is ever-changing and the magic words be always the same. The battle with disease gives people whose personal lives are hollow and boring a little synthetic emotion, a harmless driver of vicarious fear. Through TV they are able to act out one of man's primordial fantasies in a way which is both thrilling and satisfying. The satire shows a celebration of America's faith in technology. If enough money is spent and enough machines are built, the United States will look Death.

The assumption makes the doctor show highly political. By confirming authoritarian strategies of language and behavior, they ensure people who may be confused and frightened. Watch Robert Nixon. He roots on TV with a subtle experience of benevolent concern and speaks with a fairly condescending paternalism, his voice is enigmatic his eyes have with tears. He looks and sounds exactly like Marcus Welby, MD. Nixon has been comically modeled by TV personality on the image of the kindly healer, his physician to a sick and wounded nation. With his extraordinary sense of the common and the phony, Nixon has been able to lead us to the ideological and emotional beginnings that he behind America's worship of the TV doctor. Surrounded by his smiling women, he presents a stylized and carefully embroidered religious paganism in which the President is casted along like a paper-mache saint.

The Satire makes the mistake of lacking the social discontents up in actual hospitals. Dr. Welby would never be so crude. He brings the hospital to us. ■

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FILMS

BY JOHN HOFSESS



Kara Reed

A Woman-Sized Role In A Bawdy Tale

probably be between Logan (Donald Pleasence), a mysterious man who lives alone in an old shack near the Fraser River in British Columbia, and Mattie (Don Colly), a young, footloose adolescent in his mid-twenties who re-creates the older man's dream of searching for gold. Casanova or not, they would act out a gruff, prickly friendship as father-and-son teenagers with moments of banter, pain and warmth. This theme is as obvious as one in American films and cinema. It appears to women as diverse as *Shirley*, *Dark Of A Submarine* and *The Godfather*. This film might be a comedy (although such stories rarely are) but it couldn't possibly have the lively high spirit of Donald Pleasence's bawdy, satirized *Force*.

Guido (Kara Reed) is fit, broad in the hips, plain as an oat, and absolutely marvellous. An earth-mother with a generous bosom and a flexible price. In her role which transcends *The Rainbow Boys* into a comic romp of the highest order, making every line sound much more witty than it really is.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

Girls And Boys: Ingrid Bergman's best film since *Paisan*. *Shout*: Lorraine Davis. *Michael Caine* is a witty little *Swamp*. *Quincy* Tyler Paul. *White Hot*: Melville in the suspenseful *Red* is a winner. *For Oceans*. *Lady Caroline Lamb*: high class soap opera with Sarah Miles as Almack and Richard Gere as Byron. *Lost Horizon*: Stranger is with Burt Lancaster's music.

John Hofsess is a Canadian film director and critic.

Although Gerald Petterson (who worked with Harold Pinter in creating one of the finest television speeches in recent years, *Peter Freely*) wrote several drafts of the screenplay and has managed the production through many difficulties, the chief credit due him is simply for convincing of putting Kara Reed and Donald Pleasence together. Their rapport is so loose, their timing so precise, their pleasure in collaborating between Rubensian robustness and obscenity, their to children talk a bit stark about bodily functions. Chances are, however you'll be laughing too hard to take offence. *The Rainbow Boys* is a strong contender for best Canadian film of the year.

Last Tango in Paris: A critique of the right of Canadians in every province to see the most controversial film of the year (Marilyn, April) doesn't imply a detour of the film itself. Like *Ben-Hur*'s earlier film *The Confession*, *Last Tango in Paris* has a foolish, lovely *Prohibition*, sexual theme, unlike *The Confession*, the visual style of *Last Tango* doesn't struggle with the intellectual and veracity. The film stands and falls on its ideas, and Bertolucci's insistence that there is a link between sexual taboos and fascism, by portraying fascist characters who have sexual aberrations, it simply a caricature. Unless you share Bertolucci's view and agree, do, but then some people think *African Genesis* in the last word in intellectual order) there is little reason for seeing *Last Tango in Paris*. Don't be misled by the film's sexual repetition, and repetition of four-letter words and a few personal waxes in your idea of "liberation." Visually the film is quite drastic, except (in visual) for its violence. The film is a good deal more than a variation on *The Story Of O* in its ideas and as one would claim that *The Story Of O* is one of the great books of our time, merely a cultural curiosity (it is nevertheless a film with a healthy cynicism about the world). Bertolucci's stick-in-the-idea is to deal with sexual choice in a *Major's* *Assault* style. The admission price (a probable \$4.50 in Canada) is unaffordable by the film's budget (\$1.2 million). After *The Godfather* and *Scarface*, this success Marlon Brando with *Scarface*.

SPORTS

BY HARVEY SCHACHTER

Gerry Patterson thinks square 21 is one of the secrets of his success, and Gerry Patterson is. He is a charismatic and well-loved and tells a lot of jokes, and every day at noon he shoots the door of his Place Ville Maine office in downtown Montreal and he comes on the plush red carpet for a half hour camp. Then he goes up and returns down his thoughts in a diary, illustrating them with diagrams on a blackboard he has scrawled for the purpose.

"Play your psychic destiny," he scribbles on one day, and there were already words like "hypochondria" and "joking" and "cosmic energy" and more cosmic circles and another diagram which he calls a four dimensional quantum, all symbols of his theory of the universe.

No one laughs because Gerry Patterson is a likable man and because he makes a lot of money for himself and his clients. No one laughs at a likable man who is making money for them.

Gerry Patterson is a middle Canada and his thinking reflects this. Work hard, do things well, be honorable, don't be overambitious, and everything will turn out for the best. And sometimes he comes up with homilies of his own, and finally they compromise. The consensus were tossed down: They just promise a constant flow, with a tip to Europe as prize.

One client Patterson won't let me see. But consensus is in fact a lie. "Bob Ken, you concentrate on the fact that he's involved with ecology, that he's a highly educated and highly responsible young man and that he's also the number one guitarist in the NEEL. You're very conscious of which projects he got involved in. It would be difficult to have him involved with General Motors because he's worked with Ralph Nader. So we would have him involved with perhaps a paper company that's interested in ecology and waste, or an oil company that's concerned about the atmosphere. I had it very difficult to see a serious young man like Ken Dryden endorsing a chocolate bar."

It figures, because marketing in Patterson's line is with athletes, hockey players, baseball players, dance and golfers — no banks and chocolate bar manufacturers and packaged meats and soft drink distribution and he keeps 10% of whatever he can get. So 90% goes to the athlete and often 5% of money the athlete never dreamed of earning.

Patterson admires his clients and he respects them, so he makes sure they don't get involved in anything that doesn't fit with the image. "The one judgment I make, on anybody I represent," he says, "is whether I feel it's my job — or whether the person is in the best interests of the client," he told me one day.

The marriage of Gerry Blash, known to baseball fans in *Le Gout d'Orange* because of his friendship with Chicago Crash and Patterson's standards. But the Marcy Game plays for Mar-



Gerry Patterson

Selling Athletes For Fun And Profit

ten. "I don't have Marcy stand on a six foot spring the jumps. Marcy just isn't available," he said. He argued with him about the business a while, and she told him, "Listen, I love this, and finally they compromised. The consensus were tossed down: They just promise a constant flow, with a tip to Europe as prize."

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The marriage of Gerry Blash, known to baseball fans in *Le Gout d'Orange* because of his friendship with Chicago Crash and Patterson's standards. But the Marcy Game plays for Mar-

coach I could do more for the team than he and he agreed with me."

He went to work, marketing, but he stayed restricted in scope and in 1980, when he was developing an advertising campaign for milk cartons, he approached his old, Alan Belliveau, for an endorsement. He was astonished to learn that Belliveau didn't have a business manager.

"It bothered me," he says, "that Canada's number one star athlete in hockey had no one planning and pursuing his business interests as I developed an overall career plan for Jews who were concerned. It didn't think it could be done for me, so, but two weeks later he changed his mind. He figured if I was confident enough to give up a steady job to work with him there must be something in it."

Patterson helped with contract negotiations. He organized endorsements, looked after Belliveau's insurance, estate and his planning and he began doing something about the 10,000 fan letters he had sent in getting a year, and for all of this Patterson became vice-president and 10% shareholder in last Belliveau Inc.

Then came the commercial-Es-Cell-O Corporation. American Motors, Van Lee, Chrysler, and other manufacturers, a key hockey game. A restaurant franchise. And when Belliveau retired from hockey Patterson got him and Gordie Howe on *Rocky Night* in Canada to game analysis.

Then there was the Bank of Nova Scotia and the "Mister Belliveau-Mister Bloor" routine for which the two men gained over 37 television commercial spots in 1982. They earned the BNS in a variety of ways — more than 55,000 youngsters have enrolled in the bank's hockey college scheme, for example — and, one way and another, they will pocket a total of 3,000,000 in revenues for doing such work in a two-year period. But Belliveau is playing on the commercial now. He wants to operate at the boardroom level — directorships — and that's his fee with Patterson.

"I think I see the opportunity and why to become a top corporate athlete," he says. "There's that word again — motivation — and what's going to laugh? Patterson knows it."

What next? Well, what Patterson really wants to do is form a Canadian conglomerate in the leisure industry. "There's unlimited potential in this area," he says with bubbling enthusiasm. "And if it's welcomed my son, I can't see Canada company harnessing the potential." And the mind ticks back to the Place Ville Maine office, where the words scrawled in the diary, "What you conceive and believe, you achieve."

Who's laughing? ■

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MUSIC

BY DENNIS DUFFY



Dennis Duffy

Competence In Place Of Brilliance

Two greatest, god-forsaken troubadours, *Phaid* (Warner Bros. 3578) provides a lush orchestral background to its own tight rock, reflecting the kind of oblique social comment provided by the Beatles of the *White Album* and the Kinks, but the background too nicely distracts from within the fiddler due the line of the British group's simply isn't there in *Phaid*, and a song like *Birmingham* has been done before to pieces like Strawberry Fields and Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one.

Most of the groups I listened to for this column could be classed as having a lot of talent but less talent, a well-known pattern in the music business. Some of the groups I listened to for this column could be classed as having a lot of talent but less talent, a well-known pattern in the music business. Some of the groups I listened to for this column could be classed as having a lot of talent but less talent, a well-known pattern in the music business.

with a strongly individualized sound, and Luke Gibson, one of its members, continues to work on his own. Another *Phaid* day (True North TN6) is a quiet album displaying the artist's broad taste with a number of varying styles. *Phaid*, the sweetest out on the record, blends words and music to give us just what the title promises. *Phaid* is a well-paced country number, with the sporadic hints of our time without losing them at the times, but the singer appears unimpressed. Sweet music is evoked again by the album's title song, but then a number like *Phaid* is shown as the standard, the day comes and relaxation of the music is asked to share. The song contains a sense of wonder at the beauty of even the quietest parts of creation, but they themselves are far less busy than the intense they purport to resemble. It is so difficult to sing quickly, more is the keynote of our time, but Luke Gibson has to learn, as Gibson has, how to do this while still avoiding dullness.

Christopher Kearney (Capitol ST 6372) displays an impressive talent, especially in *Phaid* of it, a starting number known about in a lot of the controlled fury and desperation of *Phaid*. Sure, only a bit, but how much have you heard that you can say even that much about the band's music? *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one.

Like a number of people, I've been getting sadder and sadder following this little rain cloud Neil Young has shed about for so long. In his powerful *Phaid*, Neil Young's music is a powerful statement of his own feelings, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one. *Phaid* is a good album, but it's not a great one.



The Charleston, Big Bands and Betty Boop probably seem like a long time ago to you, but as our candlestick telephones seem to us. When we built them, with the first built-in dial, we thought they were the cat's meow. But times have changed. Especially when you compare our candlesticks to our Contemporary phone. One of the reasons we've kept so up to date lies in our research and development laboratories — and their continual search for new

ways to make it easier for you to keep in touch. In fact, our long tradition of quality, reliability and service goes back to 1882 — just six years after the invention of the telephone. And with our family circle in Canada and abroad, made up of 80 companies, 21 manufacturing plants with a floor space of 140 acres and over 20,000 employees — you can count on a lot of know-how backing our world-wide reputation. To the tune of over \$500,000,000 in sales

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A Canadian company building better ways to keep in touch

BY DONALD CAMERON



Prof. Abraham Rotstein

The Moral Passion Of Economist Abraham Rotstein

(and still do). American professors flowed into the universities — and what did many of our liberal social scientists have to say about our national "dilemma"? Above all, they kept repeating, don't go berserk on nationalism.

sort of like warning the Canadian Indians against the dangers of an affluent society."

In many ways, Rotstein is a model of the kind of carefulness, leadership we are entitled to expect from the universities. Fusing his finely honed intellect with the service of our community, he demonstrates just what is implied by the demands for Canadian domination of the campus, for the kind of knowledge and insight his paradigm could surely come to us except from a scholar who identifies himself and his work as part of our particular social fabric.

Though Rotstein is, like the Wolf, deeply committed to socialism and independence, he nevertheless argues against wholesale nationalization.

The struggle for independence must come first, he argues, "because we will lose it forever if we wait until a majority of Canadians are prepared to nationalize IBM and Inco. Furthermore, many of the domestic problems which nationalism is intended to solve cannot be attacked by that means."

In Rotstein's view, we can best achieve the goals of both socialism and nationalism by manipulating and regulating the activities of the multi-national corporations, by ensuring that American

corporations that choose to do business in Canada must serve Canadian interests, obey Canadian law, refuse to serve as instruments of American policy. We need not own the corporations in order to shape their courses.

This modest approach might be the only feasible one, but it has its own risks — clearly the difficulty of installing a Canadian government with the required combination of pragmatism and determination. Again, when he speaks of national interests which transcend such realities as social class, Rotstein stops briefly near the kind of romantic conservatism that represents the ideological justification for grinding the poor in the name of The Nation. And he admits that nationalism can sometimes respect conservative feeling as it does to preserve the integrity of the community against the onslaught of imperial technology and finance. Yet that very conservatism is also the foundation of Rotstein's humanism, for he considers the needs of people and their communities as the only valid goals of economic policy, he does not assume that a healthy community is the natural consequence of a booming private economy. "What," he asks quietly, "is the role of the economy in the society?" The question is revolutionary.

Taking a similarly unorthodox view of technology, Rotstein points out that the first phase of the Industrial Revolution isolated and destroyed working men and women, but that the reaction to those horrors produced universal literacy, universal suffrage and the whole apparatus of the welfare state. Perhaps our reaction to the vast, impersonal computer and its mind-boggling technology will be a similar explosion of creative adaptation.

Rotstein emerges, finally, not as an economist so much as a citizen and a moralist. "To recognize on the moral plane that nationalism is unrealistic," he writes, "is to stagger under the burden of an immense responsibility. We can no longer dissociate ourselves from, or contract out of, the vast network of complicity and anonymous tyrannies that the technological society creates. We can advance as an agent when we are for the rage of the machine. We cannot escape, through nonrecognition, the burden of what we do to others. We are helpless in the defense of that order of consciousness which is the core of our life and the foundation of religious existence as we have known it."

Finding a reaction, humane response to that dilemma is perhaps the central moral issue of our times. Rotstein's insistence is that he can see the metaphysics of economics and politics to reveal it, and to develop a vision of resistance to the nightmare it implies. ■

Donald Cameron's book, *Crises of Politics With Canadian Novelists at Bay*, published this spring.

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ALBERTA PREMIUM

Where there is no vision, the people perish. Our hardly looks to be an economist in professor for moral vision, of course, but life is full of surprises.

Abraham Rotstein, the chunky genial editor of *The Canadian Forum*, has emerged over the past few years as probably the most authoritative of our intellectual nationalists. Under his direction, the 35-year-old *Forum* has been consistently ready for anyone interested in the resuscitation of an independent Canadian intellectual life, and on one occasion it made national headlines by publishing the *Montreal Star* report on foreign ownership of Canadian industry while the column continued to debate whether the report should be made public at all. Meanwhile, Rotstein's own writing on economics, socialism and technology has steadily grown in saliency and breadth. The demands on his time, however, have managed him to essays, lectures, speeches and reviews, and *The Progressive Humanist* (New Press, \$1.75 paperback, \$7.95 cloth), a handsome collection of his essays, is a long overdue. Economics in the *Quintus* exceeds will find it amusing; *Anti-Hunter* will find it daunting; I found it amusing, but admirable.

The Progressive Humanist is not the book I think Rotstein can and will write. It remains a collection of occasional essays — some dated and several repetitive in phrasing, but also ideas. Others seem to be included for reasons which elude me. The long essay on the combination of profits and socialism is the farthest and the clearest on Karl Polanyi, for instance, tell us little about the book's ostensible theme, and proceed Rotstein to an unusually sparkling observation.

All the same, *The Progressive Humanist* reveals the humanism and the scope of Rotstein's outlook with a fullness I had never seen before. He writes with grace and sensitivity with passion. One politician is awarded "the Governor General's Award for splendid accommodation," and Rotstein notes that Canada has "a unique business class in the Western world, its most distinctive achievement has been to provide over its own legislation. Whatever since it could spare from selling its enterprises to the Americans, it has devoted to the neglect of the university."

Academic nationalists get their heads up. "Keep it real," Rotstein warns, "but don't ditch our manufacturing. has been taken over, along with great stretches of our personal resources, prime time on TV was being flooded with *I Love Lucy*. The *Beverly Hills* and the rest, *Time* and *Readers' Digest* get their special tax exemption, Canadian publications and publishers centered on the financial break



The Smirnoff Daiquiri

(A modest invention.)

We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

You might try it one day when you feel like something slightly newfangled.



To make a Smirnoff Daiquiri, shake 2 oz. Smirnoff, ½ oz. lime juice and ½ tsp. sugar with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.

